

gillette

74

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

ACT I

UNIVERSITY
OF
PENNSYLVANIA
LIBRARY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

REV. ROBERT SPAULDING.

MR. BENSON CATTERMOLLE.

ME. DOUGLAS CATTERMOLLE.

MR. HARRY MARSLAND.

TURNER F. MARSLAND, ESQ.

MR. J. GIBSON.

JOHN.

MRS. STEAD.

MISS EDITH MARSLAND.

MISS EVA WEBSTER.

MISS ASHFORD.

MRS. SPAULDING.

H. W. Gillette, 135

A. Oct. 27 9. W. Gillette
Gillette, William Hooker,

A C T O N E

SCENE:

(Douglas Cattermole's lodgings, London. Plain room. Plainly furnished, table C. Cards, ash receiver, etc. on it, also paper, pens (quill), blotter, book to throw. Chair each side of table. Waste basket in front of table. Letter to read in it. Sporting pictures on walls. Window up C. practical) showing roofs, etc. at back, as if high up. This window with practical sash to slide up and down and fitted to remain up when opened. Glass or substitute therefor in frames. Door L. to bed room. Door R. well up, to landing. This door is open on so that a person can be crowded behind it in corner. Lounge down R. Sideboard up L. with decanters of liquor, glasses, cigars, cigarettes, matches, etc. Foils, boxing gloves, etc. hung on wall. Chair down L. below door L. Chair up R. to R. of window. Confusion and litter of a young man's room. Cigar stubs, dirty boots, etc., etc.)

TIME:

(Morning)

(Lively curtain music. Stage vacant at rise. Short pause. Mrs. Stead, landlady, knocks at door R. Pause. Knocks louder.)

Mrs. Stead

(Outside door R.)

Mr. Cattermole! Mr. Cattermole!

(Knocks. Enters door R. with package of letters. Comes down C.)

Dear me, I do believe as 'oh the young man 'asn't been 'ome all night.

(Xes to L. D.)

That's usually the way of it. Upon my word, I don't see when he gets his rest.

(Knocks at L. D. Listens at L. D.)

No, he's not at 'ome, and it's after ten o'clock.

(Goes to table C. and pits letters on it)

I'll leave 'is letters here for 'im. Dear me, whatever is agoin to become of that young man? 'Is creditors is a gettin' more esasperatin' every day. There was three of 'em 'ere this morning an' I 'ad all I could do to make 'em believe 'e was out. An' these 'ere letters--they're every one of 'em duns--that's the only kind he gets. An' he owes me for three months, which I don't know what do do about, for he's such a engagin' young man Mr. Cattermole is, an' I don't like to annoy 'im. But I can't go on this way much longer--what with my rent to pay--an' a large family to support, an' me a poor lone widow--with my old mother a-dependin' on me--

(Sudden rush and noise off R. Enter Douglas quickly R. door
slamming it shut behind him and standing holding it as if
trying to escape pursuit)

Is that you, sir?

Douglas

Mrs. Stead, there can't be a doubt of it. There are some gentlemen with bills who are so certain it's me that they've been following me around the block for the last fifteen minutes. It was only by the most extraordinary strategies that I managed to get in.

(Listens at door then Xes to L.) Soon takes off coat,
takes cigar from box on sideboard and lights it during
(next few speeches)

Mrs. S.

Law me, sir!

.....Douglas

It's law me -- if you'll pardon the correction.

Mrs. Stead

Mercy on us!

Douglas

That's more like it!

Mrs. Stead

What is a-goin' to be come of you, sir?

Douglas

Oh, I imagine I'll live along some way.

Mrs. Stead

I do believe as you owes everybody in the 'ole City of London.

Douglas

Is has that general appearance, hasn't it?

Mrs. Stead

An' 'ow you're ever a-goin' to pay 'em all is more than I can tell.

Douglas

We're both in the dark on that point, Mrs. Stead.

(Cigar)

Mrs. Stead

An' your rent, sit -- I'm bound to say it's way be'ind.

Douglas

It's so far behind that I'm afraid I'll never catch up.

Mrs. Stead

No, sir--I'm afraid it wont--and what am I going to do?
(Beginning to become pathetic about it)

Douglas

(Approaches Mrs. S.)

There, there! Don't give way. Remember I have an uncle.

Mrs. Stead

Ah, yes, sir, but you've said that so many times.

Douglas

Oh -- I've mentioned it before, have I?

Mrs. Stead

Indeed you 'ave, sir. Many an' many a time!

Douglas

Ah -- but there's one thing you forget. This uncle is devilish rich.

Mrs. Stead

(Sadly)

You've said that before too, sir.

Douglas

(To table looking for something)

Well, history repeats itself -- why shouldn't I? What are these -- letters?

(Picks up letters)

this morning?

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir, the post just 'anded them in.

Douglas

Usual assortment. How fond people seem to be of me.

(To Mrs. Stead in mock earnestness)

Just think of it. Some of these fellows write to me every day.

Mrs. Stead

Law me!

Douglas

Law you! I should say so. Would you also do something for me? My dressing gown--yes--if you will--there's a dear.

Mrs. Stead

Ues, sir, I'll get it for you.

(Exits L. D.)

Douglas

Bless you!

(Talks to himself)

High old game last night--let's see--

(Feels in pockets)

Yes--bankruptcy stares me in the face. Liabilities--tailor's bill--grocer's bill, hatter's bill, livery bill, Mrs. Stead's bill, everything byt doctor's bill--assets--

(Counts coins)

two an' six.

(Picks up paper to read. Enter Mrs. S. with dressing gown)

Mrs. Stead

'Ere it is, sir.

Douglas

(Bus. of changing. Coat off. Dressing gown on. Mrs. Stead assisting)

You're an angel--a real, jolly, wingless, heavier-than-air--e-- Anyone honored me with a call this morning?

Mrs. Stead

Lots on lots of 'em, sir--lots on 'em.

Douglas

Glad I was out!

They wasn't, sir.

Mrs. Stead

Dare say!

Douglas

Mrs. Stead

(With coat)
Oh, dear--you do get your clothes so soiled, sir.

Douglas
Yes -- I catch the morning dew.

Mrs. Stead
I'll brush it a bit. I left your letters there, sir.
(Exit L. D. with coat)

Douglas
Thanks.

(Picks up letters. Looks at them carelessly-ripping them open wearily. Reads)

"Dear Sirs Can you let us have"-- No -- haven't got it.

(Throws letter away or in waste basket, opens another)

"Sir--we enclose bill--" Thanks.

(Bus. as before)

"My dear sir, the time has now expires --"

(Throws letter away)

Glad to hear it! Been trying to kill time for the last three years and at last it's expired of it's own accord. "My dear friend, I shall call today about that little--" Delighted to see you--call often.

(Throw letters down and stops)

Ah--here--

(Looks at letter again)

Gibson the tailor, confound him, cashed a note of mine-have to give him some Blarvey or he'll make trouble.

(Picks up all letters that remain)

All bills, no use reading 'em.

(Stops-sees something in waste basket)

Hold on--

(Picks letter out of basket)

By Jove, it's from that old uncle of mine in India.

(Throws other letters down. Opens this one)

Must have come a week ago, how the deuce did it get in there? Thought it was a bill, of course.

(Reads)

"Young man, I have heard that you are a fool." Rum old chap, I must say. "I shall sail for England on the next steamer".
Whew!

(Whistles)

Comming-as sure as fate. "I will have no nonsense. Make no mistake about that! If your liver is out of order, let me know. Don't you try any goody-goody business with me. You are young. Sow your wild oats. If you don't, I'll make you. Bear that in mind, young man. B. Cattermole." He's a rum 'un! Always talking about sowing wild oats and never sends me a shilling. How does he expect a fellow can sow his wild oats without any seed. By Jove, that isn't bad. I'll write that to him. Fo--he's coming. I'll tell him--that'll do just as well. He ought to see the point and come down.

(Mrs. Stead enters L. D. and is Xing to R.)

Great news, Mrs. Stead -- great news!

Mrs. Stead

(Down to Douglas)
What is it, sir?

Douglas

You know the old uncle I mentioned at odd moments?

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir -- w'at about 'im, sir?

Douglas

Here's a letter from him.

(Holding it up)

Just arrived in the waste paper basket.

Mrs. Stead

What, sir -- your uncle as is so rich? An' you're 'is only relative?

Douglas

That very man!

Mrs. Stead

Oh, sir--what does he say?

Douglas

Says he's coming--what do you think of that!

Mrs. Stead

Oh, sir, how good that will be for you.

Douglas

I'm not so sure. There's something strange about this old uncle of mine.

Mrs. Stead

Mercy me! What is it?

Douglas

The fact is, Mrs. Stead, his mind --

(Loud knock at door R.)

Ah --

(Cooly)

that sounds like one of my creditors.

(Rises and saunters toward L. D.)

Be nice to him -- there's a dear.

Mrs. Stead

But what shall I say, sir?

Douglas

Anything that suggests itself to your fertile brain. Make it as pleasant for him while he's here. And let me know when he's gone.

(Exit into bedroom L. Knock on door R. louder)

Mrs. Stead

Law me! Law me! Come in!

(Enter Gibson door R. attired in ultra-fashionable style)

Gibson

(Loudly dressed, eyeglass bus. Mincing walk, cane, etc. He comes down R.)

Ah! Good day--good day--good day--'Ow did I say that? Rather

a swell, eh? What?

Mrs. Stead

Is that you, sir?

Gibson

(Eyeglass bus.)

Well I should rawther think so--I should--e--rawther think so!
Yes, my dear woman. Is Mr. Cattermole at home?

Mrs. Stead

I really don't know, sir.

Gibson

The doorkeeper said he 'adn't gone out yet.

Mrs. Stead

Yes--but supposin' he 'asn't come in, sir?

Gibson

(Xing to L.)

Oh--ah--yes. Hem--very clevah--very clevah--E--hem--

(Sniffs air, then suddenly)

Do you smoke?

Mrs. Stead

Me smoke? No, sir!

Gibson

Then he has come in.

(Sniffs meaningly)

Mrs. Stead

Ah--eh--per'aps it(s the chimney, sir.

Gibson

Well if it is, you've got a chimney that smokes devlish good tobacco. That's all I've got to say.

Mrs. Stead

It's no use trying to deceive you, sir. The face is Mr. Cattermole came 'ome rather late last night.

Gibson

Ah--what a life these young fellows do lead to be sure--Ah--that a life!

(Sighs and Xes up L.)

If I could only be like that myself.

Mrs. Stead

I'm sure you can if you like, sir.

Gibson

No I can't. It's the unjust social barrier. What am I? Only a tailor. Only a tailor!

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir.

Gibson

And here's the horror of it. If I was a common tailor I could live as common tailors do, but I'm not a common tailor--I 'ate and despise the vulgar 'ord. I long for 'igher spheres. To put it poetically, Mrs. Stead, I want to soar on the upper crust of society.

Mrs. Stead

How nice it would be sir, to soar like that.

Gibson

Indeed it's what I long for, Mrs. Stead. And it's nothing but vile prejudice that keeps me down. Look at me! There's all the makings of a gentlemanly article. Just look at this get-up! Nine tailors to make a man! Bosh! It takes nine ordinary men to make a tailor like me.

Mrs. Stead

I think so myself, sir.

Gibson

Why I only feel at 'ome in the company of gents. But I'm like the Peri at the gates of Paradise, I cawn't get in. I cawn't get in. But if I once get past the golden gates, I'll show the swells a thing or two. I'll astonish the fashionable world.

(Xes to R.)

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir-but I'd always supposed if one 'ad good business--

(Interrupted)

Gibson

Business! Oh I 'ate and detest business.

Mrs. Stead

I beg your pardon, sir--but if anyone can get enough money to --

(Interrupted)

Gibson

Oh I've got plenty of money. But money can't buy 'appiness, Mrs. Stead. Money can't make a gentleman. I know that well enough, but I mean to show 'em I can be a gentleman, money or no money.

(Starts toward door)

An' now I look at you, Mrs. Stead, you are a remarkable fine looking woman.

Mrs. Stead

Oh thank you, sir.

Gibson

Not a day over forty.

Mrs. Stead

Oh, no, sir.

Gibson

And a remarkably intelligent looking woman!

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir, I am.

Gibson

And knows the real gentlemanly article when you see it.

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir, I do.

Gibson

Well then I shouldn't be at all offended if you was to tell 'em you really thought I was a gentleman.

Mrs. Stead

I will, sir. I'll tell 'em you want to soar!

Gibson

Yes, that's my "soar" point. Ha, ha. Bon "soar". You see the

point. Bon soar--bon soar!

(Exit R. door)

Douglas

(Goes to door L. knocks)

He's gone, sir. You can come out.

(Enter Douglas door L.)

Douglas

It was the tailor, I presume?

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir--an' 'e said 'e wanted to soar for a little while--but he'd call again soon.

Douglas

Nice and kind of him, I'm sure.

(Sitting L. of table)

Mrs. Stead

Now, sir--what about that uncle that's so strange?

Douglas

Oh, yes, most remarkable case you ever heard. When he --

(Knock at door up R. Enter Harry Marsland humming a tune.)

(He comes down between Douglas and Mrs. Stead. Pushing the latter aside)

Harry

(Down C.)

I say, Douglas--Good morning, Mrs. Stead. See here --

Douglas

Hullo, old man. What's routed you out at this time?

Mrs. Stead

But Mr. Cattermole, before I goes -- that uncle --

Harry

(Urging Mrs. Stead toward door R.)

You can talk about it afterward, you know. There-goodbye--God bless you--

(Pushing Mrs. Stead towards door, turns)

Douglas, I want --

Mrs. Stead

(Turning at door indignantly)

Indeed, sir, I think your politeness is quite remarkable. In the future I'll thank you to treat me with respect--even though I am a poor widow as keeps lodgings for a livin'.

(Exits R. door)

Harry

(Calling out after her)

Beg pardon, Mrs. Stead--didn't mean it, I assure you.

(To Douglas)

See here, Tortty, I've got the most wonderful idea--you must do it.

Douglas

Consider it done--but what is it?

Harry

I'm going down to my uncle's at Edgington--want you to go with me--two girls there--my cousin Edith and a friend of hers--A Miss

Webster-she's most awfully charming you know! You must come.

Douglas

I'd be delighted.

Harry

Good, when shall we start?

Douglas

We wont start!

Harry

Wont start?

Douglas

Oh, no.

Harry

I thought you said you'd be delighted.

Douglas

Perfectly true. I would be. But I can't go. Creditors wouldn't let me.

Harry

The deuce you say!

Dougals

My sentiments to a T.

Harry

I'm taking down the new private secretary. Told him to call for us here.

Douglas

(Smoking)

Charmed to see him. Trust you found them a good one.

Harry

Good! Wait till you see him. Arrived in town yesterday. Never saw London before in his life.

Douglas

What's that about a private secretary? I thought you were looking for a tutor for the young ladies.

Harry

Quite right, my dear fellow. He's going to toot and all that, but he'll act as private secretary for my uncle at the same time. Write his letters, you know--and that sort of thing. Now do come along--I've told 'em dozens of times I'd bring you and I never have.

(Harry is about R. of table with cane, etc. Douglas sits L. of table with paper)

Douglas

My dear boy, a dozen charming gentlemen with writs would pounce on me before I got half way to the station.

Harry

Hang it all--can't you put on some sort of a disguise or something?

Douglas

(Carelessly)

Yes, I might paint myself green and go as the King of the Canni

bal Islands.

Harry

(Sudden idea)

By Jove! What about this?

(Jumps up takes R. excitedly)

You can get out as the private secretary.

(Pause--each looks at the other)

Of course you can. We'll leave him here in town, don't you see, and he can come along afterwards.

(Pause)

Just the thing. You can wear that parson's dress you used in the theatricals last winter. Then when you get out of town you can change your clothes and there you are--now what do you say?

Douglas

Not a bad idea.

Harry

Bad! I should say not!

Douglas

I can go you one better!

Harry

What is it?

Douglas

Leave him in town altogether and let me go down to your uncle's as the new private secretary!

Harry

(Moment's pause--seizes Douglas' hand)

You've hit it. Ha, ha--greatest sell of the season. And the girls. Ha, ha, ha. You'll give 'em lessons. Ha, ha--but Spaulding--the real one, you know, what'll we do with him?

Douglas

Put him in here.

Harry

Your lodgings, of course.

Douglas

He'll have a roaring time.

Harry

I should say so.

Douglas

Vigars--cards--brandies and sodas--where is he?

Harry

Ought to be along by now.

(Goes to window up C. and looks out)

I told him to meet me here.

(Douglas follows Harry up to window. and looks down)

Yes--there he is--looking for the number.

Douglas

(Looking down)

That chap with the goloshes?

Harry

Yes.

(Opens window and calls)

Oh, I say!

Douglas

What's his name?

Harry

Spaulding/

Douglas

(Calling)

Mr. Spaulding! If you please.

Harry

Yes.

(Nodding)

This is the place. Come up.

(Douglas L. Harry R. Both came down. They leave the window open)

He'll be along in a minute.

Douglas

Where did he come from?

Harry

Down in Sussex somewhere. Miss Ashford used to know his mother. School girls together, or something.

Douglas

Who's Miss Ashford?

Harry

Lives there at my uncle's--looks out for the girls, you know. Sort of companion, or whatever they call it.

Douglas

She doesn't know him, does she? That would kill the whole thing

Harry

No, no, she wrote about him though--wanted me to try to get him--but she said in her letter she hadn't seen him since he was a small boy. You see they want a sober minded studious sort of a chap--the girls are full of the old nick.

Douglas

He looks sober-minded all right. Is he in orders, or did I see double?

Harry

Yes--orders. One of Mose.

(Knock at door R.)

Douglas

There he is now--come in.

Harry

(Turning and going up a little)

Come in.

(R. door opens. Robert Spaulding stands in doorway--looks in hesitatingly. He carries shawl rolled up and tied with cord under left arm. Umbrella in R. hand. Rubbers on)

Robert
I beg your pardon. Am I right?

Harry
Oh, yes, come in, wont you? This is the place.
(Robert comes in. Goes into corner and stands. Harry goes
To Douglas, speaks in a whisper-to fill a moment)
I want to introduce you to my friend--Mr. Cattermole, Mr.
Spaulding, my uncle's private secretary.
(Turns up L. C.)

Spaulding.
How do you do
(Bows)

Douglas
(Blithely)
How are you?

Robert
Thanks--quite well.
(Pause)
.I hope I am not in the way.

Douglas
Not at all. Wont you sit down?
(Goes up L. C.)

Harry
(Coming C.)

Yes --
(Indicating lounge R.)

Do sit down!
(Douglas and Harry to sideboard Pour out liquor)

Robert
Many thanks.
(Goes down R. and sits on lounge. Bus. of taking off
rubbers. Then placing hat on lounge. Looks at Douglas
and Harry. Douglas and Harry look on amused at Robert)

Douglas
(At table or sideboard)
Have a brandy and soda?

Robert
No, thanks.

Douglas
(Going down R.)
Allow me to relieve you of your umbrella.
(Harry up R. C. a little)

Robert
(Putting hand hastily on umbrella)
No thanks--I might forget it. I prefer to keep it-if you don't
mind.

Douglas
Oh, all right. And your shawl?

Robert
(Hand on shawl)
No, thanks.

Douglas

(Going C.)

You seem in a hurry to leave town, Mr. Spaulding.

(Sits R. of table)

Harry

(Bringing chair down and sitting near Robert)

Yaas--I'm rather afraid he doesn't like London, you know.

Robert

No--I don't like London. Do you know, I am so accustomed to my quiet little study that my head gets quite bewildered with all this noise. Everywhere I see written up "Beware of Pickpockets" One can hardly do anything else but guard one's pocket here.

Douglas

It isn't quite as bad as that, Mr. Spaulding.

Robert

Oh, yes, it is. Do you know, yesterday I wanted some luncheon, so I went to the British Museum to buy me a Bath bun and there I met a gentleman who most politely told me that they were just closing. He evidently saw I was a stranger--I don't know why--

(Boys look at each other)

and he invited me to have luncheon with him. At first I refused, but he was so very pressing that I finally consented, and it ended in our having a most excellent meal. But--do you know--when he came to pay the bill the poor fellow found that his purse had been stolen.

Douglas and Harry

(Laughing)

Poorfellow! Hard luck!

Robert

Ay, yes, but fortunately I had my purse with me, so I could pay for him.

Harry

Ha, ha, that was good.

Douglas

(Laughing)

How fortunate.

Robert

Yes, indeed, but that is not all.

Harry

No?

Robert

No. Today I met a young lady in the omnibus.

(They laugh)

Douglas

Had she lost her purse too?

Robert

Oh, no. She had lost her aunt. She was so nice. She told me her papa was a clergyman and asked me to protect her. She was very nice. Do you know we searched for that want the whole morning.

(They laugh)

Harry

Of course with no result.

Robert

Oh, it resulted in a very grave expense to me. If this sort of thing goes on, it appears to me that I shall spend all my money.

Douglas

That's a beastly shame.

(Robert glances at Douglas an instant, then turns to Harry)

Robert

Would you kindly tell me what train we are to take as my goods and chattels are still at the hotel.

Harry

My dear, Mr. Spaulding.

(Slaps Robert on leg)

Robert

(Starts--draws away in alarm)

Excuse me.

(Timidly rubs leg. Afterwards carefully places hat upon place Harry struck)

Harry

The fact is, I've got a telegram from my uncle-Mr. Marsland, you know-and he wants you to stay here for a few days.

Robert

(Surprised)

Here in London?

Douglas

(Rising)

Precisely the idea, old chap. Just till they get your room frescoed, don't you see? Now as I'm going out of town, you can stay in my apartments and welcome.

Harry

There wont be any expense whatever.

Robert

don you mean --

Douglas

That's just what he means.

Harry

(Rising)

You'll be very comfortable.

(Rising, slapping Spaulding's knee. Puts back chair)

Robert

(Rubbing knee)

Oh, how nice.

Douglas

Your landlady is a most charming old bird who hasn't lost any aunts or purses--so you wont have to pay for anything.

Robert

Yes--but your uncle was expecting me--and the young ladies--
the lessons--

Harry

(Up R. Holding door open)

You haven't a moment to spare. Go and get your luggage.

(Goes up R? Robert hastily puts on left rubber)

Douglas

(Going up R. C.)

Yes--get your boxes and hurry back.

Robert

(Putting on rubber)

Indeed, sir, you quite surprise me.

(Rises-takes hat-and goes up R. C.)

Douglas

Of course we do.

Robert

Of course you do.

(Goes up. To Harry - at door)

Then I shall bring my things to your friend's apartment?

Harry

Yes--this is the place.

Robert

(Turning to Douglas)

That is very kind of you, sir, to offer me the use of your
charming apartments during your absence from town.

Douglas

Don't speak of it.

Robert

Good morning.

(Goes to door R. Stops suddenly and turns)

Excuse me!

(Goes quickly down to lounge R.)

My umbrella!

(Gets umbrella and moves up. Stops)

I have always noticed that when one forgets one's umbrella it
is quite sure to rain.

Douglas

Isn't it. Well--good morning.

Harry

Good-bye.

Robert

Good morning.

(Exits at door R. returning at once)

Excuse me-my golosh.

(Goes down R. and gets golosh)

Do you know, I suffer so much from chronic influenza that I
have to wear them. I think I'd better put it on as I have one
on already.

(Attempts to put it on. Douglas pushes him. He goes up C.
a little way. Attempts again to put it on. Harry pushes

(him and goes down R. innocently)
 If you don't mind, I'll carry it with me.
 (Exits R. D. carrying golosh) (Both laugh a little after
 (Robert exits)

Douglas
 (Going C. near table)
 I hope I haven't got to give an imitation of that chap.

Harry
 (Coming C.)
 Of course not. They've never seen 'im you know.

Douglas
 He's certainly extraordinary. What's our train?

Harry
 1:15 from Kings Cross.

Douglas
 Got an hour yes. What shall we do?

Harry
 Let's have a game of E'Carte.

Douglas
 Heavens, dear boy, we can't play so early in the morning.
 (Rises)

Harry
 If we'd been sitting up all night we wouldn't mind it at all.
 Shall I beging?

Douglas
 All right, what ever you say.
 (Sits L. of table. Harry deals. Bus. of game. Knock on
 (door R.)
 Come in.
 (Enter Mrs. Stead at R.)

Mrs. Stead
 Mr. Cattermole, that man was 'ere awhile ago is down at the
 door, an' wont go away-no matter what I do.

Douglas
 It's Gibson-the tailor-confound him.
 (To Mrs. Stead)
 Did you tell him I was out?
 (Playing cards)

Mrs. Stead
 Oh, yes sir-of course I sayd that. But it didn't seem to 'ave
 the least effect on 'im--not the least, sir.

Douglas
 (Playing)
 Didn't, eh?
 (Smokes cigarette through scene)

Mrs. Stead
 No, sir.

Douglas
 Impolite of him, I must say.

Harry

Absolutely unfeeling.

Mrs. Stead

(To Harry)

I wasn't speaking to you, sir.

Harry

(Playing)

Glad to hear it, I wasn't speaking to you either.

Douglas

Confound the fellow. I wouldn't mind his bill-but he's got a note of mine-and it's overdue. He bought in-just to be ugly.

Harry

Bought in, eh?

Douglas

Yes. The chap's trying to get some hold on me for some reason.

Harry

Better see him-me might make trouble.

Douglas

Let him come up, Mrs. Stead.

(To Harry)

Might as well see what it is he's after.

Harry

Of course.

(To Mrs. Stead)

Send 'im up, baby.

Mrs. Stead

(To Harry)

Ugh!

(Mrs. Stead exits R. D.)

Douglas

By the way-that ridiculous old uncle on mine's coming.

Harry

That one in India?

Douglas

(Nods)

Got a letter this morning. Sails on next steamer. That's my game. What is it? Three in five?

Harry

Make it best two in three.

Douglas

My deal.

(Deals)

Harry

Awfully odd thing-my uncle Marsland where we're going used to be a great friend of your uncle's before he went out there. Boys together and all that.

Douglas
You don't say! That is odd.

Harry
Isn't it though.
(Knock at door up R.)

Douglas
Come in.
(Enter Gibson door R.)

Gibson
Ah, good morning, gentlemen.
(Hat and stick on lounge R.)

Douglas
Good morning, Gibson. What can we do for you?

Gibson
I called to inquire after your health, sir.

Douglas
How nice of you. I'm quite well, thank you.
(Short pause)

Gibson
So am I--yes--thank you--so am I--eh--some little time ago, I took the liberty of presenting my little bill. Perhaps it's been mislaid, eh?

Douglas
Oh, not, I got it all right--it's in there with the rest.
(Indicating waste--aper basket)

Gibson
(Goes to table R. C.)
Well, there's one consolation, it's not lonely.

Douglas
I never forget a thing of that sort. But at present it's rather inconvenient for me to settle. Heavy losses at the Aston Club--

Gibson
The Aston Club, did you say, sir? Do you know I've--
(Xes to back of table)
heard a good deal about the Aston Club lately. I should like to go there myself. You couldn't manage to take a chap there with you once, could you, sir?

Douglas
My dear Mr. Gibson, a club is a private house. One can introduce one's friends there, but scarcely --

Gibson
Oh, I understand. Scarcely one's tailor.
(Comes down R.)

Douglas
As for the bill, I shall be passing your door in a day or two.

Gibson
I'd much rather you'd come in.

Douglas

(Laughing)

It's only a manner of speaking.

Gibson

It's a manner I'm deuced familiar with.

Douglas

Wont you have a cigar? You'll find one over there.

Gibson

(Goes to cabinet)

Thanks!

Douglas

Or a brandy and soda?

Gibson

Beg pardon-no thanks. I've a poor head for spirits, but I can smoke. I'll take a cigarette, if you like. What a jolly life these young fellows do lead, to be sure. I should like to get amongst their set. He evidently wants me to make myself at 'ome Well, I'll show him I can be as much the gentleman as he can.

(Coming down to table. Slaps Harry on back)

Hello! Cards! Ha, ha, what areyoy playing?

Douglas

E(Carte.

Gibson

Oh! I'm a don at E'Carte.

Harry

I say, old fellow, I want cards.

Gibson

No you don't.

Harry

Eh?

Gibson

Don't you propose? You play.

Harry

What the devil do you mean?

Gibson

Don't you see. You've got the King and the Kack, the third point must be yours.

Harry

(Rising-throwing down cards)

Oh, I say, this is too bad. You've given my hand away. What the devil do you mean?

(Takes R.)

Gibson

(Picking up cards)

You can't play the game. I'll bet you a sovereign I win with that hand. Oh, I can't bet you a sovereign, I've nothing less than a fiver.

Harry

At any rate you don't know how to behave. It's very evident you're not a gentleman.

Gibson

(Down toward Harry C.)

Here, don't you say that. It's my weak point.

Harry

Your weakest, I should say.

Douglas

(Rising L. of table)

Now cut it, Harry.

(To Gibson)

You'd better leave, Gibson.

Gibson

Eh?

Douglas

Get out! Disappear! Say goodbye to your self.

Gibson

Oh, so I'm turned out, am I? Well, it isn't the first time I've been--I mean--it's the first time I've been treated like this.

(Takes hat and cane and goes up C.)

You may turn the gentleman out, but the tailor will return. You shall suffer for this--you shall suffer for it.

(Flourishes stick)

Oh, get out of the way.

(Striking Robert's handbox out of his hand with cane. Enter Robert with leather bag, brown paper bundle, handbox, shawl, etc. As he enters Gibson strikes hand box with stick and it falls on floor and Robert goes down with it, upsetting goods and chattels. Exit Gibson R. Douglas and Harry laughing. Enter Mrs. Stead R. Sees Robert and offers to assist him picking up parcels. He declines and picks them up himself--at once hurrying down R. to lounge with his things in confusion as he holds them close)

Mrs. Stead

If you please sir -- this gentleman says --

Douglas

(Coming to door R.)

Yes, Mrs. Stead, this gentleman is staying here as my guest for a few days. Be nice to him.

Mrs. Stead.

Mr. Cattermole.

Douglas

As for me, I'm taking a little trip to the country. Do pack my things for me. There's a dear--

(To door)

and send the portmanteau to Kings Cross, and don't forget my clerical coat--

(To door R.)

The one I wore at the theatricals.

Mrs. Stead
But what about your uncle, sir?

Douglas
Oh, you must know that I have an uncle!

Mrs. Stead
Who is very rich, yes, I know that much.

Harry
(At door)
Come along, old chap.

Douglas
Well, and this uncle has a fixed idea in his head.

Mrs. Stead
What is it, sir? Oh, what is it?
(Robert sitting on lounge R. recovering from shock)

Harry
(Impatiently)
Are you coming?

Douglas
The fact is he's a little cracked there. Come along, Harry.
We'll give 'em a few lessons, eh? Goodbye, Spaulding.
(Ect., etc., Exit Harry and Douglas R.)

Mrs. Stead
A rich uncle who is a little cracked there.
(Sees Robert seated on sofa)
I beg your pardon, sir, are you really going to stay here?

Robert
I am going to take that liberty if you don't mind. Oh, I shall cause you very little trouble. Would you be so good as to tell me where I can dispose of all my goods and chattels?

Mrs. Stead
Oh, yes, sir. In this inner room, though both these rooms are at your disposal.

Robert
Oh, how nice.
(Commences to pick up parcels. Mrs. S. tries to assist)

Mrs. Stead
Allow me, sir.

Robert
No, thanks.

(Drawing)
I always prefer to take my own things.
(Mrs. Stead picks up parcels, he snatches them from her.
Bus. dropping and picking up ad lib. Xing to L. and exit.
Robert talking and Mrs. S. also talking during bus.
Robert bus. of seizing waste paper basket by mistake.
After throwing things off at door, back for things. "Have you seen a collar marked with J", etc?)

Mrs. Stead
(Sinking into chair L. of table)
What a strange man. At any rate, he won't give me much trouble

Mr. Cattermole might have asked me if I minded strangers staying here. That would be no more than right, I must say.

(Loud knock at door)

Oh, dear me, another creditor, I suppose.

(Very loud knock again)

Come in.

(Enter Benson Cattermole—a portly old gentleman, large (florid))

Cattermole

(Bustling in R. D.)

Good morning, good morning, good morning.

Mrs. Stead.

(L.)

Good morning, sir.

Cattermole

Does young Mr. Cattermole live here?

Mrs. Stead

These are his lodgings, sir.

Cattermole

Well, why doesn't he go up another flight and sleep on Abraham's bosom?

Mrs. Stead

What, sir?

Cattermole

You're the old landlady, I suppose?

Mrs. Stead

Sir!

Cattermole

I say you're the old landlady--are you deaf?

Mrs. Stead

(Frightened)

Yes, sir -- no sir.

Cattermole.

Well, which is it? How do I know whether your deaf or not when you say yes sir-no sir? Which is it? Go on.

Mrs. Stead

I don't know, sir.

Cattermole.

Well you'd better go and find out, do you hear?

Mrs. Stead

Yes, sir.

Cattermole

Then you're not deaf.

Mrs. Stead

No, sir.

Cattermole

How's your liver?

Eh? Mrs. Stead

I say, how's your liver? Cattermole

I don't know, sir. Mrs. Stead

You're a fool. Cattermole
(Pause)
My name's Cattermole.

(Alarmed start) Mrs. Stead
What, sir?

Cattermole
No-not Watson-Cattermole. C-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e-Cattermole.

Mrs. Stead
(Starting)
Oh, mercy, it's the cracked uncle. Oh!

Cattermole
What's the matter? What are you crying about?

Mrs. Stead
I'm not crying, sir.

Cattermole
Well, don't you laugh at me.

Mrs. Stead
No, sir.

Cattermole.
It's your bad conscience, I suppose.

Mrs. Stead
I haven't got one, sir.

Cattermole
I thought not. Now tell me about my nephew. He's a sad sad scamp, I suppose, eh? A sad scamp?

Mrs. Stead
Oh -- I -- I --

Cattermole
Well, out with it. If he is, say so.

Mrs. Stead
Oh, no sir. He's one of the steadiest young men in London.

Cattermole
(Roughly)
Steady, eh? Well, I'm sorry to hear it. What's this? Ha, ha, cards, eh? He plays cards, does he?

(Taking up cards)
Mrs. Stead
Oh, no, sir. He never touches a card.

Cattermole

I'm sorry.

(Looks at cards in hand)

Oh my-oh my, what a good hand to draw to. He don't play, eh?

Mrs. Stead

No, sir--it was me a playin' solitaire before you came in.

Cattermole

Solitaire, Pah! Well, if he doesn't play cards, what does he do?

Mrs. Stead

Do!

Cattermole

Yes, do! Are you deaf?

Mrs. Stead

N--no, sir.

Cattermole

Yes you are. You're as deaf as a post.

Mrs. Stead

Indeed I'm not, sir.

Cattermole

Then why don't you tell me what he does.

Mrs. Stead

He don't do nothink, sir.

Cattermole

Confound it--he must do something. Does he smoke?

Mrs. Stead

Oh, no, sir.

Cattermole

What does he smoke? Oh, he doesn't smoke. Well, what does he do? He can't stay here all day doing nothing.

(Looks about--goes to table)

He must have something to occupy his time.

(Sees liquor)

Oh--oh--oh--I see.

(Picks up decanter-delighted)

He drinks!

(Holds up decanter)

Mrs. Stead

Oh, no, 'e never touches it, sir.

Cattermole

Eh? I'm sorry.

Mrs. Stead

Lor§ Sir, what could have put drink in your head?

Cattermole

Not in my head, you old fool.

Mrs. Stead

No, sir, he never drinks, he never gambles, an' there's nothing he likes better than sitting here to home and studyin'.

Cattermole
Well, he's got some debts, hasn't he?
(Downto table)
They always have debts.

Mrs. Stead
Oh, dear no. None!

Cattermole
Tood bad! Too bad! Well, see here, I've been away in India
for twenty years. Now tell me what is he like?

Mrs. Stead
Oh, sir, he's such a 'andsome young man.

Cattermole
Yes, but you old women have such queer tastes.

Mrs. Stead
And he's so modest too.

Cattermole
Well, how's his liver?

Mrs. Stead
Eh?

Cattermole
I say, how's his liver?

Mrs. Stead
(Frightened)
I 'aven't never seen such a thing about the 'ouse.

Cattermole
(Yells in her face)
Oh, you're as big a fool as he is.
(Goes C.)
But I'll knock all that nonsense out of him. I'll make him
sow his wild oats. I'll make him go it a bit.

Mrs. Stead
Oh, sir, don't make him go it.

Cattermole
I will. I tell you I will make him do it.
(Hammering table)

Mrs. Stead
(Aside)
He's getting violent. Wont you sit down, sir?

Cattermole
No I wont sit down. I don't want to sit down.
(Sitting R. of table)
I wont sit down. I'll write to the fool. I don't want to see
him. I'll write to him. Where are your pens?
(Takes up pen)
Where's your pen? Give me a pen.
(Yelling)
A pen! A pen!

Why there it is, sir.

Cattermole

Where? Where?

Mrs. Stead

There--in your 'and.

Cattermole

Well, don't I see it. I guess I know a pen when I see it. Now give me the ink. Where's the ink? It's the ink I'm looking for.

Mrs. Stead

(Holding ink stand close to his face)

Here, sir.

Cattermole

Ah!

(Screams)

I don't want to drink it. Where's the paper--give me the paper--oh, these are cards--and here I am writing on the ace--where's the paper, I say?

Mrs. Stead

Here it is, sir.

(Lifting paper before him)

Cattermole

(Slapping it down)

Put it down. Put it down. I never saw such a noisy old woman in all my life.

(Looks at Mrs. Stead who has backed away to L.C.)

Where did you come from? Why don't you go back there? You don't belong here at all. Come and sit down and I'll play you a game of poker. Don't you play poker?

Mrs. Stead

No, sir.

Cattermole

Well, how did I know. You look as if you might play -- a --

(Bus. of writing. switching pen about. Dips pen in ink.)

(Sees Mrs. Stead near C. Throws ink from pen at her)

Get out. I can write this letter without you, I suppose.

Mrs. Stead

(Xing at back to R.)

If I could only speak a good word for his nephew. If you please, sir, your nephew --

Cattermole

Oh--go out and play on the stairs.

Mrs. Stead

But he's such a handsome young man, and so quiet, sir.

Cattermole

Well, go away. Go and run up and down.

Mrs. Stead

But if you only allow me to tell you sir --

Cattermole

Here!

(Handing her some blotting paper)

Take this and blot yourself out.

Mrs. Stead

Oh!

(Exits R.)

Cattermole

Oh!

(Imitating Mrs. Stead)

Confound that old woman. I believe she'd have stayed here all day if I'd encouraged her. Now if she'd told me he was fast and had a lot of gay companions--in fact--was a regular bounder--I believe I could have hugged her. As it is I'll write to the fool

(Writing)

"Miserable imbecile"

(Writing)

No "Noodle headed ninny", that's better-I'll write that --

(Bus. Robert singing "I want to be an angel" outside L.)

(Cattermole jumps up and goes up looking around. Looks

out of window up C. Comes down)

Now what fool is that who wants to be an angel?

(Sits R. of table as before. Writes again)

"Noodle-headed Ninny" --

(Robert enters L.D. quietly, closes it after him, starts to

go toward C. handkerchief to nose. Coat unbuttoned at

neck for bus. Sees Cattermole writing. Stops, Turns

and exits at L.D. quickly, closing it after him. Re-en-

ters soon, putting only head in looking at Cattermole.

Cattermole, as if angry at pen, says "Oh" savagely.

Robert retreats into L.D. He soon enters and goes down

(L.a step. looking at Cattermole)

Robert

A stranger. I'll inform the landlady.

(Starts to X at back toward R.D. trying to go noiseless-

ly. Cattermole look up, sees Robert)

Cattermole

(Jumping up)

There he is.

(Runs up R. C. and heads off Robert)

Stop!

(Robert turns and goes back and down L. of table while

keeping eyes on Cattermole. Cattermole comes down R.C.

(They look at one another)

Merciful heaven--he looks like a sexton.

Robert

Sir--I believe --

Cattermole

Don't speak.

(Robert slight start)

The sight of you is enough.

(Robert turns and starts toward L. D.)

Here! Stop! Stop!

(Robert stands L. looking at Cattermole anxiously)

Sit down!--Sit down!--Sit down!!!

(Robert bus. on third one of sitting L. Not calculating right first and second attempts)

No--not there. Sit down here.

(Bus. throws book. Robert goes meekly to chair L. of table, and sits. Puts handkerchief to nose with right hand, elbow on table. Cattermole seeing it, angrily knocks Robert's hand away from his face. As he knocks away Robert's arm)

Don't do that.

(Robert rises quickly and runs off L. D. Cattermole pursues him)

Here!

(Pursuing Robert)

Come back here. Come back, I say. What do you mean by running away?

(Drags Robert in L. D. by collar)

Come in here! Sit down!

(Slings Robert into chair L. of table)

How dare you run away--when I'm speaking to you.

(Goes around back to of table to chair R. of it)

I never heard of such conduct.

(Sits R. of table. Tableau; Cattermole and Robert sitting looking at each other across table)

Robert

Do you know !!

Cattermole

Shut up!

(Wait for laugh. Robert puts handkerchief to nose)

Don't do that.

(With bus. as before)

So--you're the wretched creature that old woman calls handsome.

Robert

Sir, I --

Cattermole

Yes, she does -- she calls you handsome.

Robert

I'm very much obliged, I'm sure.

Cattermole

What's that? What do you wear this for?

(Pointing to blue ribbon in buttonhole)

What do you wear it for? The races are over long ago.

Robert

That is my badge!

Cattermole

Badges of what?

Robert

It shows that I am an abstainer from all forms of intoxicating beverages.

(Hand bus.)

Cattermole

(Knocking hand away as before)

Don't do that.

(Bus. sit back)

What do you do it? My name's Cattermole --

Robert

Happy to meet you, sir. No doubt you are somewhat surprised --

Cattermole

Surprised!

(Imitating him)

I should think I was surprised. I never was more surprised in all my life.

(Rising)

Robert

There he goes again.

(Hand bus. again to nose)

Cattermole

Don't do that.

(Robert bus. of hand up and down, Robert Xes leg)

(Cattermole sees golosh on Robert's foot. Bus. with his glasses)

What's that--what's that? What have you got on your foot?

(Rising over table and glaring down at Robert)

Robert

Do you know --

Cattermole

(Savage yell)

No!

(Robert runs off L. D.)

Here, come back/ Come back/ What do you mean?

(Runs out after Robert, brings him back by sleeve)

How dare you run away when I'm talking to you?

(Lifts Robert and jams him down into chair)

Why you're a perfect ruffian. Now I want to talk to you calmly and quietly.

(Bus. of lifting chair and jamming it down on "quietly")

Now, what the devil's that confounded thing on your foot?

What is it?

Robert

Do you --

(Cattermole springs to his feet and stands over Robert threateningly)

No, no! No, no!

(Trying to quiet Cattermole. Cattermole sits)

That is my go-losh.

Cattermole

Your go -- what?

Robert

My golosh.

Cattermole

What do you wear them for?

Robert

I wear them because I am so accustomed to them.

Cattermole

So you can sneak about like a ghost, I suppose?

Robert

Oh, no.

Cattermole

I say yes.

Robert

Oh, yes.

Cattermole

Well, what do you wear them for?

Robert

Do you know --

(Cattermole gives a threatening look. Robert rises re-
monstratingly. Sits again)

I suffer so much with chronic influenza --

Cattermole

Well, how's your liver?

Robert

Eh?

Cattermole

I say, how's your liver?

Robert

Eh?

Cattermole

(Shouting savagely)

I say, how's your liver?

Robert

(Rattled)

Nicely, thanks, how's yours?

(Turns front. expression bus.)

Cattermole

Never mind about my liver. Now what do you wear those things for?

Robert

I wear them to keep my feet warm while walking.

Cattermole

What do you want to ~~W~~alk for?

Robert

Because I cannot afford to ride.

Cattermole

How's that?

Robert

Do you --

(Bus. Cattermole looks. Robert starts as if to rise.)

(Pause)

No, I mean that the London Cabmen use such bad language --

Cattermole

Yes, that's their liver.

Robert

Yes, and are so extortionate in their charges --

Cattermole

But that doesn't affect you.

Robert

I beg your pardon.

Cattermole

I say, that doesn't affect you. You have an uncle.

Robert

I beg your pardon!

Cattermole

I say that you have an uncle, damn it!

Robert

I have an uncle Robert?

(Hand bus.)

Cattermole

Don't do that.

(Robert crosses leg, Cattermole kicks it down)

Put it down. Now listen to me, everyone makes a fool of himself some time or other.

Robert

Yes.

Cattermole

When it's done young it doesn't matter. They improve as they grow older.

Robert

Yes.

Cattermole

But there are no fools like old fools.

Robert

Yes.

Cattermole

I say, no, no, no!

(Striking table violently)

Robert

Oh, no! No!

(Striking table mildly)

Cattermole
Whatever you are, I won't have one of those things.

Robert
Yes.

Cattermole
I say no, no, no, no!
(Striking the table still more violently)

Robert
Oh, no, no, no, no!
(Striking table mildly)

Cattermole
(Rising, speaks savagely)
I'd sooner strangle you with my own hands first.

Robert
Oh, how nice.
(Robert takes off one of his goloshes)

Cattermole
(Aside)
How nice! He likes it.
(Rises and moves R.)
I wonder if the poor fool's hard up. I suppose I'd better give him some money.
(Turning and going toward Robert)
Give me your purse.

Robert
No.
(Rising)

Cattermole
Give me your purse, I say.

Robert
No.
(He runs around at back to R. door followed by Cattermole.
Enter Mrs. Stead R. Robert pulls her in front of him.
Cattermole jams them both against the wall behind door.
Then takes hat and stick from sofa. Robert and Mrs. Stead
come from behind door. Robert hides behind folds of Mrs.
Stead's dress. Cattermole shakes stick at Robert)

Cattermole
I'll make him sow his wild oats. I'll use my authority.
(Etc., etc., exits R.)

Mrs. Stead
(R. C. falling into Robert's arms)

Robert
(R. C. fanning her with his golosh)
Do you know, I think that old gentleman is a lunatic. He wanted my purse.

Mrs. Stead
Oh, sir, you're looking very pale. Do sit down and I'll make you a nice cup of tea.

(Leading Robert down R. of table to chair)

Robert

Oh, thanks.

(Sits R. of table)

(Music. Enter Gibson and Knox R. Knox is a Bailiff)

Gibson

(To Knox)

Serve the writ on him.

(Knox serves writ on Robert, shoving it under his coat.)

(Gibson down R. with back to Robert)

Robert

Why, what is this?

Knox

(As he strides R. to door)

That is a writ.

(Exit Knox R.)

Gibson

(Coming to table)

Now we'll see, Mr. Douglas Cattermole --

(Sees Robert)

Here, it's the wrong man.

(Snatches writ from Robert)

Mrs. Stead

(R. C.)

Who is it that you want, sir?

Gibson

(To Mrs. Stead quickly)

I want Douglas Cattermole.

Mrs. Stead

He's just gone away with Mr. Marsland.

Gibson

Gone! Where?

(Robert puts on golosh-looks over at Gibson in anxiety)

Mrs. Stead

Out of town, sir.

Gibson

Out of town.

(To Mrs. Stead)

Here, go fetch me a cab. Rush it.

(Pushes her out of door E.)

A cab! A cab!

(Exit Mrs. Stead)

I must get down to the station before--Oh, hang it all, I haven't got any change.

(To Robert)

Here, lend me a sovereign.

Robert

(Jumps to his feet)

No!

Gibson

(Going toward Robert down R.)

I tell you I must have it.

Robert

(As he dodges Gibson around table.)

I have no sovereign, sir.

(Robert runs around back of table toward door R. Gibson follows him around the table and pauses up C. as Cattermole enters. Gibson repeating "Give me that sovereign, will you". "I want a sovereign", etc. etc. As Robert reaches door R. Cattermole enters, and Robert runs against him. Cattermole yells in Robert's face. Robert turns and jumps through window C. Gibson seizes him by leg. Cattermole shouts "Let him drop")

QUICK CURTAIN

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

ACT II

A C T T W O

SCENE:

(Evening. Drawing room at Marsland Manor, Edgington. Large handsome room, elegantly furnished. Door R. 2 to library. Double doors L. 2 to dining room. Long wide window up R. in flat or in alcove to flat, opening to veranda, balustrade back, with garden or landscape. Wide door or opening up L. in flat to front hall, handsome interior back. Handsome piece of hall furniture will assist to this idea. Interior backings to door R. and L. which open off. Handsome carpet. Curtains to window. Hangings, pictures, fireplace R. 1. obliqued, with hinged fireboard (to be used 3rd act) Mattress behind. Handsome mantel, ornaments fastened down. Sofa or lounge up R. C. with high back. Table up C. with cover. No fancy work under the table such as cross pieces, etc. as this place is otherwise required. Chairs R. and L. Small table up L. arranged for "table manifestation" (3rd Act). Easy chairs up C. Several hassocks for children to use (Act 3rd). Rugs, skins, etc., etc. This scene should be handsomely dressed. It stands for remainder of piece)

(Miss Ashford discovered, standing and pacing R. and L. nervously, intently reading a book. She mutters, starts, exclaiming under her breath, etc.)

Miss Ashford

It's as plain as the sun at noonday. Oh, what rapid strides Spiritualism has made. It says here that spirits can actually be photographed-with the aid of a medium. Oh-it's my dream-my soul's dream-to be to a medium--and see-- with my own eyes a materialized spirit. Oh, if I could--if--I--could really see-- an actual spirit.

(Reads and goes R. C. as if overcome.)

Oh my!

(Drops into chair R. C.)

(Enter Mr. Marsland from library R. with newspaper. He

Xes to L. C. Looks at Miss Ashford)

Oh, ah!

(Gasp)

Mr. Marsland

(After looking at her critically)

What did you say, Miss Ashford?

Miss Ashford

(Starts)

Oh!

(Alarmed--closes book quickly) 577371

I -- oh -- oh nothing.

Mr. Marsland

You've been beehiving in a most extraordinary manner.

Miss Ashford

I--extraordinary? Oh, dear me -- why--what have I done?

Mr. Marsland

You've been gasping and muttering and talking to yourself for the last ten minutes. I heard you from the further end of the library. You must have a very interesting book there.

(Miss Ashford starts)

What is it?

Miss Ashford

Oh--it's--it isn't--

(Embarrassed)

It's -- eh -- nothing.

Mr. Marsland

Let me see it.

(Holds out hand)

Miss Ashford

(Much embarrassed)

Why--it's nothing--why, Henry --

Mr. Marsland

(Still holding out hand)

Let me see it.

(She gives him book) (Reading title on back)

"The Spirit World, according to the latest materialization".

(Astonished)

Have you been reading this?

Miss Ashford

Yes--yes--I've looked it over.

Mr. Marsland

Um, you've looked it over.

(Miss Ashford nods)

Well, what do you think of it?

Miss Ashford

(Springs to her feet with a burst of enthusiasm)

Oh, it's wonderful. It gives accounts of the most remarkable things. You would be astonished.

Mr. Marsland

I am astonished.

Miss Ashford

It tells how mediums bring the spirits of the departed right before you. You can see them--they even take hold of your hand--and take away your watch. Why, Mr. Marsland, if you'll consent to read about the case of Josiah Tiggins, his mother died forty-eight years before--and the medium--oh they're wonderful these mediums--they bring little Indians from America --

Mr. Marsland

Dead Indians?

Miss Ashford

Oh yes--all the people are dead--what's what's so remarkable--and--and awful. Why they speak to you--and you can feel --

Mr. Marsland

(Rises)

Miss Ashford!

Miss Ashford

(Subsides suddenly)

Yes, Mr. Marsland.

Mr. Marsland

I am surprised. I am more than surprised. I am indignant! Have you been filling your mind with this silly trash?

Miss Ashford

But, Mr. Marsland, you don't know --

Mr. Marsland

I do know. I've heard about it for years. I've seen it's effect on those who allow themselves to be led into it. Let me hear no more of this spiritualism and mediumistic nonsense--and above all, if you're so foolish as to dabble with it yourself, on no account mention the subject to my daughter or Miss Webster--let this be distinctly understood.

Miss Ashford

(Meekly)

Yes, sir.

Mr. Marsland

There's your book.

(Hands book back to her) (Looks at watch)

It's now a quarter before eight. The train should have arrived five minutes ago.

(Paces)

Miss Ashford

I suppose you're very hungry?

Mr. Marsland

Well, as we usually dine at half past six, it's to be expected that a delay of an hour and a half should have some effect.

Miss Ashford

They'll come soon now, I suppose.

Mr. Marsland

(After pause)

The girls must understand, at the beginning, that there's to be no such conduct as we had here with the last secretary.

Miss Ashford

Yes, indeed, we shant have any trouble with the new one, rest assured of that.

Mr. Marsland

I hope not.

(Sits)

You are--a--acquainted with him, are you not?

Miss Ashford

I used to know his mother--when we lived in Amesbury--and I saw him when he was a little boy--only about so high.

Mr. Marsland

Yes--we--let him understand from the beginning --

(Enter Edith and Eva door up L. dressed for dinner)

Edith

(Skipping to Mr. Marsland L.)

Papa--we're getting dreadfully hungry. Eva's most dead -- and--

Eva

(Up R. on lounge)

Oh, I'm not.

Edith

Why she was hardly able to crawl down stairs.

Eva

Oh! Oh! Oh! -- what an awful --

Mr. Marsland

(Smiling)

Well, they'll be here soon now--and I want to say a word to you before they come. Eva --

Eva

Yes, sir.

Mr. Marsland

Come here/

Eva

Yes, sir.

(Goes to Mr. Marsland. Both girls near him. Edith L.
(of Marsland and Eva R.)

Mr. Marsland

I wish you to begin properly with the new secretary.

Edith and Eva

Oh, yes, sir.

(Exchange glances, repress giggles, over Mr. M's head)

Mr. Marsland

There must be no frivolity--

Edith and Eva

(Shaking heads)

Oh, no, sir.

(Bus. as before)

Mr. Marsland

Or indiscretion of any kind.

Edith and Eva

Oh, no, sir.
(Bus. as before)

Mr. Marsland
You are both of you getting too old.

Oh, papa!	Edith	} <u>TOGETHER</u>
(Head down)		
Oh!--Oh!	Eva	
(Bus.)		

Mr. Marsland
Too old to indulge in any such pranks as - as you have indulged in. But I wont refer to that--it's all over and done with.
(Edith and Eva up C. together. Enter John door up L. with card on plate. Takes it down to Mr. Marsland C.)
What's this? -- a visitor? Harry wouldn't send in a card -- e--
(Reads)
Benson Cattermole. What!
(Starts to his feet, girls look at him, Miss Ashford rises)
Can this be my old friend Cattermole? My chum of -- hem --
(Controls himself)
of other days. Why it's years since I -- where is he?

John
In the reception room, sir.

Mr. Marsland
I'll go to him.
(Hurrying toward door. John goes up and out door L.)
What a surprise--Miss Ashford--see that a room is ready.
(Exits up L.)

Miss Ashford
Yes, Mr. Marsland.
(Edith and Eva come down on each side of Miss Ashford)

Edith
Miss Ashford, is it true that papa's gone and engaged a blue-nosed dried up old thing to give us lessons?

Eva
Oh--well

Miss Ashford
The new secretary is a most estimable young man,--and he --

Eva
Oh -- well -- if he's young --

Miss Ashford
Well, not much over forty.

Edith and Eva
(Turning R. and L. in disgust)
Oh! Forty!

Edith

You might as well say seventy-five.

Eva

Yes--or two hundred and fifty.

(Edith and Eva laugh together until suddenly Eva sees the book in Miss Ashford's hand)

Oh, she's got her spirit book.

(Both run to Miss Ashford)

Edith and Eva

(Edith)

Oh, yes, tell us some more things.

(Eva)

Yes, do. Oh, wasn't it nice. Tell us some more.

Miss Ashford

(Alarmed)

Sh! Sh!

(Bus. up C. hand up. She looks nervously at door where Mr. Marsland went out. Edith and Eva start each way and look)

No--I mustn't--Oh, I've had such a scolding from your father. Mercy!

Edith and Eva

What did he say? Tell us.

Miss Ashford

He saw the book, and he was so angry I positively trembled. And he doesn't wish me to speak one word of these things to you girls.

Edith

But we want to learn about it. We ought to learn about it.

Eva

Indeed we ought, Miss Ashford. It's a part of our education. And we won't say a word to anyone.

Edith

Not a single solitary word. And, oh, Miss Ashford, if we could only see -- a medium!

Miss Ashford

Sh!

(Bus. finger to lips, up stage in fright, all look around apprehensively)

Eva

(Brining Miss Ashford down)

A real medium.

Edith

One that would induce rappings.

Eva

And materializations.

Miss Ashford

Oh my!

(Bus. almost collapses with apprehension. All look round)

If Mr. Marsland should hear us.

(Bus. looks about. Brings them forward R. and L. Both listen)

I'm going to try to get one.

Edith and Eva

Oh!

(Cattermole and Mr. Marsland laugh outside up L. All start. Edith and Eva go R. and L.)

Miss Ashford

Oh, how he frightened me. Oh --

(Puts finger to lips. Bus.)

Sh!

(Enter Mr. Marsland talking to and followed by Cattermole, door up L.)

Cattermole

Ha, ha, ha, ha. Well, I'm delighted to see you. Ha, ha!

Mr. Marsland

Yes--come in a moment.

(Taking Cattermole by arm)

before you go upstairs. I want you to see my daughter--and Miss Webster.

Cattermole

Delighted, I'm sure. I shall be delighted to meet your daughter.

Mr. Marsland

(Introducing)

This is my daughter Edith.

Cattermole

(Shaking hands with Miss Ashford)

I'm so glad to have the pleasure --

(Bus. all laugh)

Mr. Marsland

No, no -- that isn't Edith --

Cattermole

(Going to Edith)

Oh--this is Miss Edith, I suppose!

Edith

Yes -- I'm Edith.

Cattermole

Well, I'm glad you know who you are and I hope we'll be the best of friends.

Edith

I'm sure we will.

(Introducing)

This is my friend, Eva Webster.

Cattermole

(Going to Miss Ashford)

Ah--Eva--I'm delighted to --

(All laugh again)

Mr. Marsland

No, no, that isn't Miss Webster.

Cattermole

Well, will somebody tell me please who this is?

(Retaining her hand as he looks around for information)

Mr. Marsland

That's Miss Ashford. -- my old friend Mr. Cattermole.

Miss Ashford

Most happy to know you, Mr. Rattermole.

Cattermole

No--Cat--C-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e--Cattermole.

Edith

And this is Miss Webster--

(Leading Eva down a little)

Mr. Cattermole.

Cattermole

How dy do, Miss Webster.

Eva

How dy do sir.

(Bursts into fit of laughter. Goes up. Cattermole watches
Eva going up)

Mr. Marsland

(To Eva)

Now, now!

Cattermole

(Down again to Mr. Marsland)

Miss Webster seems to be a bit of a kitten.

(Marsland goes to Eva and speaks to her)

Miss Ashford

(After a look at Marsland, coming down R. of Cattermole)

I was about to ask you, Mr. Clattermole --

Cattermole

Cattermole --

(Spells as before)

Miss Ashford

(R. C.)

I was about to ask you,--if you believe in spirits?

Cattermole

(R. C. Bus. of looking at Mr. Marsland, etc.)

Yes, in moderation.

Miss Ashford

But don't you think they may influence our lives for good?

Cattermole

Well, I wouldn't go in for 'em too much if I were you.

Miss Ashford

Too much! Why I'd like to devote my entire life to them.

Cattermole

(Aside)

She's going to end up in the gutter.

(Turns and goes L.)

Mr. Marsland

Miss Ashford, will you kindly see that Mr. Cattermole's room is ready?

Miss Ashford

With pleasure! Come, girls!

(Exits R. The girls turn, laugh at Cattermole and chase each other off)

Cattermole

The kitten's going it again.

(Cattermole and Mr. Marsland conversing on ottoman, Eva following Miss Ashford, Edith going off with Eva, Both Exit R.U.E.)

Charming girl, your daughter.

Marsland

Yes, and she's a good girl.

Cattermole

Well--you wont have her long.

Marsland

Eh!--Oh!--Why she's a perfect child yet.

Cattermole

Those are the sort of children that are sought after. You keep a chauffeur?

Marsland

Nonsense! she mustn't think of marrying for three years at least.

Cattermole

Oh, you give her three years do you? Well, I don't. How's her liver?

Marsland

Eh?

Cattermole

I say, how's her liver?

Marsland

Why, she hasn't got any yet.

Cattermole

She's lucky. I wish I hadn't.

Marsland

Now tell me, how about that old scheme of yours? that your nephew should marry my daughter?

Cattermole

(Give Marsland a look)

Let's forget all about it.

Marsland

Forget about it! Why you wrote me from India about nothing else. Don't you remember you described the sort of young fellow you expected him to be?

Cattermole

Ye-es, I remember.

Marsland

Well, have you seen him?

Cattermole

Yes--I've seen him.

Marsland

And does he come up to your expectations?

Cattermole

Beyond! Far beyond!

Marsland

Oh, then you're satisfied?

Cattermole

Satisfied; Why, he hasn't taken the slightest trouble to carry out one of my wishes. He's a ninny, a nincompoop, and he wears goloshes. My nephew wears goloshes.

(Pathetically)

Marsland

Well, perhaps the poor fellow's delicate.

Cattermole

Delicate! What right has he to be delicate? I'm not delicate, am I?

Marsland

No.

(Laugh bus.)

Cattermole

No, I should think not. If I had been, I'd have been dead long ago. Do you remember the night I drove the Costermonger's cart from Covent Garden to St. John's Wood in the pouring rain? We'd been to Evan's that night pp

(Singing)

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, to win a blooming--

(Marsland stops him)

En! What's the matter?

(Repeat bus. as long as it will go. Marsland nervous bus.)

Marsland

(Looking around uneasily)

Come, come, we mustn't talk about that sort of thing now. You must remember this all happened a long time ago.

Cattermole

Yes, it must be five and twenty years ago. I was a little slim chap then. Do you remember the night I tried to crawl through the railing in Hyde Park?

Marsland

No, I don't remember that.

Cattermole

No--of course not. You wouldn't remember that. The police, an took you in.

(Lagh)

Marsland

(Looks around uneasily)

Sh!--

Cattermole

You invited him to your club. If it hadn't been for me he'd a' clubbed you.

Marsland

Come now, let's talk about something else--tell me something about your nephew.

(Enter Edith and Eva R.U.E.)

Cattermole

Oh, don't. He's a failure--a downright failure!

(Rising)

Ah--here are the ladies--ah--ha, ha--charming girl, ha ha.

(Starts up toward L.U.E.)

Marsland

Why you don't mean--your nephew --

(Etc. into Cattermole's next speech)

Cattermole

(Going up)

Don't ask me about my nephew--or we'll have a scene right here.

Marsland

(Surprised--as they near the door)

Why, Cattermole--you don't mean he's turned out bad?

Cattermole

No--damnation--he's turned out GOOD!

(Exits door up L.)

Marsland

(Stands a moment looking off at door after Cattermole.

(Comes down)

Capital fellow--bluff--outspoken--but a royal good heart.

Edith

He's splendid--but did you see--

(Laugh bus.)

Eva

Isn't he? Oh, yes, --

(Laugh bus. Door bell in distant part of house)

Marsland

Ah--here's Harry and the new secretary.

(Turns up)

They must have come down on the same train with Cattermole.

John
It's Mr. Harry Marsland, sir--and the new secretary.

Marsland
Ah--

(Goes quickly outdoor L.U.E. John follows Mr. Marsland
off at door L.U.E. Edith follows Marsland up a little
Eva C.)

Edith
(Skips to Eva)
Harry's here. Now don't forget the joke we're going to play -
a cold reception.

Eva
I'm going to be a frapped iceberg.

Edith
He wont get over it for a week.

Eva
You'll have to begin--your cousin you know.

Edith
Begin! You watch me! He's such a swell, you know, he'll be
awfully cut up.
(Both laugh)

Eva
(Suddenly)
Sh!
(Edith goes L. Eva goes R. They stand stiffly R. and L.
(Enter Harry quickly L.U.door)

Harry
Ah--
(Looks about. Sees Edith and goes rapidly down to her)
Ah, my dear cousin, delighted to see you--really you know C-
(Shakes hands warmly with Edith. She seems unaffected.
(Allows arm to hang limp as he shakes her hand)

Edith
(Coldly)
Thank you.

Harry
It seems ages since we met--doesn't it, now? And it is a good
bit of a time since I was here.

Edith
Do you think so?

Harry
Think so--yesppI know it you know--you know! I--e--say--wont
you introduce me?

(Looking toward Eva)

Edith
(As if bored)
Oh--certainly--Miss Webster, this is my cousin Mr. Marsland.
(Eva bows coldly)

Harry

(Xing rapidly to extreme R. where Eva stands)
 Delighted to meet you, Miss Webster. Heard of you--often--e--
 yes--and--thought--all the way coming down on the train I
 thought of the pleasure of meeting you--and--e--and-hem--yes.

Eva

(Staring blankly at Harry a while)
 Did you--really?

Harry

Yes--I did--really--and--and I brought down the new private
 secretary I--ha--I used him as an excuse you know--an excuse--
 to get down here--and--

(Looks at one and then the other)

And--

(Xes L. to Edith)

And you see you know--yes--and see both of you. Well--I'm here.

Edith

(Xing R. to Eva)

Yes--we see that. But where's the new secretary?

Harry

Oh, yes of course.

(Starts toward door L. U.)

He's out here. I think uncle's talking to him--ah--

(Stopping L)

Here they are --

(Steps down L. watching scene)

(Enter Mr. Marsland and Douglas L.U. door. Douglas wears
 eye-glasses and clerical coat, etc. and walks down very
 stiffly, erect, solemn. As Douglas enters, Edith and Eva
 jump up and down R. "Oh, he's a blond", "Isn't he nice")

Marsland

(Coming down C.--reprovingly)

Young ladies, hem--this way if you please.

(To Douglas who pretends to be uncertain)

Let me present the new secretary--my daughter--and Miss Web-
 ster--Mr. Spaulding.

(Steps back a little. Ladies and Douglas bow. Edith and

(Eva run to him offering hands frankly)

Edith

(Shaking Douglas' hand)

We're awfully glad to see you.

Eva

(Taking his hand away from Edith and shaking it eagerly)

Did you have a pleasant journey down?

Edith

(Taking hand bus.)

You must be tired, I'm sure. Oh do say you are.

Eva

Yes--of please do, and then we wont have to begin lessons so
 soon.

Marsland

(To Harry)

He seems to be a very intellectual young man.

Harry

Intellectual is no name for it. He's just the man you want.

(Harry and Marsland talk L.)

Edith

(To Douglas R. C.)

Ha, ha, it's so awfully funny. We were told ha, ha, we were told you were--quite old.

Eva

Yes--over forty.

Douglas

The deuce you say.

(Harry quickly bus. of calling Marsland's attention to something L. points etc.)

Eh--that is--

(Looks around nervously at Marsland. Eva and Edith start surprised. With very grave air)

Young ladies--it is true--I'm older than appearances would seem to indicate.

Edith

Why, how remarkable.

Eva

How did it happen?

Edith

Yes--how did you do it?

Douglas

It's a long and sad story. I'll spring it on you some other time.

(Xes to R. and turns away)

Edith

How very sad it must have been--poor fellow.

Eva

Yes--touching--

(Edith and Eva go up C. Enter Cattermole door up L.)

Cattermole

Now, Marsland, you'll have to excuse a little informality. My trunks are in London.

Marsland

My dear friend--don't speak of it--here's my nephew Harry in the same predicament.

Cattermole

Your nephew Harry--is this your--

(Down and shake hands with Harry)

Oh--isn't he the pink of perfection. When I look at him and think of that miserable object of mine -- oh --

Marsland

(Introducing)

Mr. Spaulding--Mr. Cattermole.

Douglas

(Standing at R. Turns and starts on name)

Cattermole

Well--what are you staring at? Do I look like a ghost? Haven't you ever heard the name of Cattermole before? C-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e--Cattermole.

Douglas

Thanks, I know how to spell it.

(Bus. of pointing)

Cattermole

Um--you've had a liberal education.

(Goes up to Edith and Eva)

Marsland

(Going down R. C. and sitting)

You know, Mr. Spaulding, I'm very glad the young ladies are to have the benefit of your highly cultivated literary tastes. First of all, I must ask you to give them a general idea of the --

(Douglas pointing and signalling over Marsland's head.

(Harry signals back from L. Looks up and sees bus.)

Mr. Spaulding! Mr. Spaulding, I must ask your attention for a moment. I say, you will give the young ladies an intimate idea of the relation between good and bad literature. I want to interest them in what is highest.

Douglas

Yes, sir--I'll do what I can to interest them.

Cattermole

He looks quite capable.

(Enter John--opening doors L.)

John

Dinner is served.

Marsland

(Rising)

Ah, yes, we'll go in to dinner. A jolly good idea, eh?

Cattermole

I don't know how it is with the rest of you, but I call it good. Allow me--

(Takes Edith on arm--and exits with her L.D.)

Harry

(To Douglas)

Is that your uncle?

Douglas

Of course it is.

(Harry smothers a laugh)

Marsland

(Turning to L. D.)

Cone, come, Harry--we're hungry --

(Harry starts)

We've been waiting dinner nearly two hours.

(Eva bus. jumping up and down behind Marsland as he exits

L. and going off with him)

Harry

(Going L.)

Yes--well, I couldn't very well get here before the train you know.

(Exit Harry and Marsland L.D. They go off talking)

Douglas

(Low voice)

I say--Harry--

(Going L.)

Take me in with you, old man.

(John stops Douglas at door L.)

What's the matter with you?

Douglas

(With haughty scorn)

Excuse me, sir. You has your meals separate.

(Exits L. D.)

Douglas

(Pause of astonishment)

What!

(Stops himself)

So, I has my meals separate! Well, as long as I get something before long I don't much care whether it's separate or any other way.

(Looking in L. D.)

There they are sitting down, and there's that old uncle of mine, whan an ugly old brute he is.

(Turning away and about)

See here--I must get something or there'll be trouble.

(Looking about and off to R., etc.)

Wonder where the Butler's pantry is--perhaps I can--e--

(Enter Harry quickly L.U.E.)

Harry

(L.)

I say, old man, here's the devil to pay. Gibson's come.

Douglas

What, the tailor!

Harry

Yes--there in the hall. Followed us down--and swears he wont go till he's paid.

Douglas

What did you say?

Harry

I couldn't say anything, could I?

(Enter Gibson from L.U.E.)

Gibson

Evening gents, both.

Douglas

Hullo, Gibson--delighted to see you. What are you doing here?

Gibson

I've taken the liberty of following you down on a little matter of business.

Douglas

What do you want?

Gibson

(Pointing to Harry)
You owes Mr. Jenkins 300 pounds for a bill due four days ago with your endorsement.

Douglas

What's that to you?

Gibson

It's a whole lot to do with me. I've bought the bill of Mr. Jenkins an' I want to know if you intend to pay.

Harry

We'll soon be back to town, Gibson, old man--and straighten up the whole thing.

Gibson

That's all very nice--but I want it straightened up 'ere and now.

Douglas

That's quite impossible.

Harry

Out of the question.

Gibson

Oh--it is, eh? Well, how would you like the writ shown to your uncle?

(Goes up to C. Harry pulls Gibson back by coat)

Douglas

Let's kick him out of the place.

Harry

Look here, Gibson, I'm sure you'll listen to reason. Can't this be arranged?

Gibson

Yes, it can. I'll allow it can be arranged--in just one way.

Harry

What's that?

Gibson

By takin' me in 'ere with you.

Harry

Oh, rot!

Gibson

Rot, eh? Oh, well, then I'd better show the wirt to your uncle.

(Turning up. Douglas and Harry seize Gibson by coat and bring him down)

Harry
See here--let us consider, wont you?

Gibson
Yess--you may consider--but don't make it long.
(Indicating dining room)
I'm hungry.

Harry
Take you in there!

Gibson
Aw you needn't be afraid--I shant disgrace you. You think I am only a tailor, but you don't know me. I have inspirations. I've stidued up on these things. I can behave as elegant as any of them.

Harry
(To Douglas)
What'll we do now?

Douglas
(To Harry)
Don't see any other way.
(Up a little)

Harry
Oh well--come along you.
(Douglas bus. of shaking fist at back of Gibson's head.
Gibson turns, Douglas suddenly changes to gesture of
humiliation)

Gibson
Ah--this is delightful--I feel I'm going to rise into my proper sphere. I'm about to soar. Ah--I like this.

Douglas
Hanged if I do.

Harry
(Starting back)
Look out, here comes uncle!
(Douglas throws Gibson around to R. Enter Marsland L.D.)

Marsland
Ahh-Harry. What's detaining you so long. Is anything--ah?
(Trying to see Gibson)

Harry
Ah--uncle--you see--hem--
(Looks nervously around)
A--a sort of a friend--that is--you know--he came down from London--unexpectedly.

Gibson
Aw, yes--a gentleman --

Douglas
(Aside to Gibson, pushing him back)

Shut up!

Harry
Yes--yes--he's here--and--if you don't mind, uncle --

Marsland
Why I'll be charmed to see him--invite him to dinner by all means.

(Starting as if to go, Harry detains him)

Harry
Well--thank you--I--hem--one moment. I wanted to explain--he is a trifle excentric--

Marsland
Is he really? In what way?

Harry
Well he--you see he once had a frightful sort of a sunstroke --and if affected his brain -- and --

Gibson
Oh--I say--

Douglas
(To Gibson)
Shut up.
(Bus.)

Douglas
Yes, so you must excuse any little --

Marsland
Why certainly--but is this anything --

Harry
Oh, no--perfectly all right every other way you know.
(Steppingback)
Let me introduce--e--my uncle Mr. Marsland--my friend--e-- Lord Ulster.
(Up and to R. a little)

Marsland
(Goes C. meeting Gibson. Grasps his hand)
You're most welcome to Edgington, Lord Ulster.

Gibson
(Goes C. and meets Marsland, grasp his hand)
Delighted to make the acquaintance of such a fine old English gentleman--my what a magnificent chest you have, sir, it must measure at lease 42 --
(Harry strikes his arm on R. Gibson sees point and stops)

Marsland
We shall be happy to have you join us at dinner Lord Ulster if you'll excuse a little informality.
(Leading way to L.)

Marsland
Gibson
(L. C.)
Aw--yes--don't mention it, sir. Informality is nothing--nothing sir--so long as I get the vittels.

Marsland

(Slight start, looks at Harry)

Yes--yes, hem--as you say.

(Going off L. D.)

This way, Lord Ulster.

Gibson

(Following Marsland)

Aw, yes--now I am in my element. Aw--yes, I am about to soar. Who cut that coat, sir? It's a trifle drawn in the back--yes indeed, sir.

(Exits L. D. Gibson and Marsland. Harry follows. Harry goes L. as if to exit L. D.)

Douglas

(Runs across to L. and catches Harry by the coat as he Xes)
St! St! If you've got one spark of humanity left, send me out a bite of something -- I'm starving.

Harry

(At L.D.)

Oh, I couldn't think of it, Mr. Spaulding--you has your meals separate.

(Gives a shrill giggle, exits L. D.)

Douglas

He thinks that's funny.

(Goes up)

Oh, I can't keep this up without something--nothing to eat since morning--I shall drop dead if I don't--

(Looks off door up L.)

Hullo, there's that bloated footman--crossing the hall with a--

(Calls) (In low, sharp voice)

Here! Here! You! Come here quick.

(Beckoning vigorously, then goes down R. Enter John

door up L. with covered platter. Large platter with cover. Several roast chickens good size)

John

(After pause)

What is it, sir?

Douglas

That's just what I want to know. What is it?

(Lifts cover)

Ah! chickens--thanks!!

(Takes one and replaces cover)

Yes, I'm very fond of them. Warm, isn't it?

(Bus. retires a little towards C. with chicken. Bus. of coming down C. with chicken, taking it first in one hand, then the other as if it was very warm and also somewhat greasy. Holds it well out from clothes)

John

(Astonished)

Upon my word, sir.

Douglas

Thanks, no more at present.

John

'eavens and 'hearth.

Douglas
Yes, it's quite tender, thank you.

John
I'll--I'll report this--I'll report this to Mr. Marsland, sir.

Douglas
If you do I'll choke you to death.

John
(Alarmed)
Choke me, sir?

Douglas
Get out!
(As if to assist him with foot)
(Exit John in such haste that cover to platter makes much
(noise)

Ah--now won't I enjoy myself.
(Coming down R. C. Douglas about to begin on chicken.
(Enter Miss Ashford hurriedly from dining room L. Douglas
hastily holds chicken behind him, backs away to R. Miss
Ashford gives laugh at door as she enters)

Oh, Lord!
Miss Ashford
(As she enters)

Ah--my dear Mr. Spaulding--
(Holding out her hands)
How do you do? Oh, how do you do?
(Bus. of Douglas shaking hands with difficulty. Puts
chicken first--quickly withdraws it)
I heard you were here--and came in for just a momentppwhey
they're carving the chickens.

Douglas
(Starts, twitching chicken which he holds)
Ugh! Ah, yes, the--e--chickens--yes.

Miss Ashford
(Still shaking hand)
Why you don't know me, do you?

Douglas
Yes--I remember you perfectly--who are you--that is--I mean--
how are you?

Miss Ashford
Ha, ha--yes, yes, you remember--when you were a little boy--
about so high.
(Stooping to show small altitude. Douglas bus. with
chicken)

Douglas
Yes, ha, ha, of course, so high.
(Imitating her bus. Chicken out by mistake)
Ha, ha--
(Quickly changes hands)
So high!

Miss Ashford
Yess, and the little sailor suit.

Douglas
Yes-- the little sailor suit.

Miss Ashford
And the mud pies, you remember?

Douglas
Oh, I remember very well.

(Aside)
Who the deuce is she?

Miss Ashford
Yes, ha, ha, you do remember, ha, ha.
(Quickly kisses Douglas on ear. Douglas back alarmed)
That's for your mother, you know.

Douglas
Thanks.

(Aside)
I was afraid it was for me.

Miss Ashford
(Suddenly stops and looks at Douglas surprised)
Why, how you've changed. Well, I never would have known you in the world. You don't look in the least like your mother.

Douglas
I wish she'd do, I'm starving to death.

Miss Ashford
And your nose--mercy!

Douglas
(Starts)
What's the matter with it?
(Hand to nose)

Miss Ashford
Why, you haven't got your mother's nose at all.

Douglas
No, I'm using my own at present.

Miss Ashford
And your hair--I'm sure it used to be quite dark.

Douglas
Yes--yes--but you see--most extraordinary thing--you've heard of fright changing the color of hair?

Miss Ashford.
Yes--but it turns it white.

Douglas
That is the general rule, but in my case--you see--I had the strangest time--I saw a ghost.

Miss Ashford
(Sudden start)
Oh!
(Staggers back a little. Looks nervously to L.D. Clutches his arm)
A ghost! A spirit!
(Breathlessly gasping. Douglas starts on Miss A's. bus.)

Douglas

Yes--and this ghost had yellow hair--so my hair--in sympathy you see--

(Aside)

Wonder what's the matter with her?

Miss Ashford

(Low voice but very earnestly)

Then--then you are a believer?

Douglas

Believer! I should think so! Believe everything I hear.

Miss Ashford

(Low voice. Eagerly)

You are one of us.

(Seizing his hand and shaking it)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding, I'm so glad. I am a believer too.

Douglas

The deuce you are. That is--of course you are.

Miss Ashford

(Voice lowered but eager)

Oh I am a perfect enthusiast. My whole soul is bound up in these wonderful things.

Douglas

Really!

Miss Ashford

(Earnestly)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding--

(Before him--hands clasped)

Have you ever had any real manifestations?

Douglas

Oh, yes--I've had 'em bad.

Miss Ashford

(Voice lowered)

And have you seen any materializations?

Douglas

Seen 'em? I've had 'em follow me all about the streets--trying to collect a bill.

Miss Ashford

Oh, Mr. Spaulding. I shall be so glad to talk with you of these spiritual matters--some other time.

(Turning away to go L.)

Douglas

(Brining chicken out)

Yes--some other thing.

Miss Ashford

(Turning suddenly back to Douglas)

And, oh, Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas

(Hastily concealing chicken and jumping back)

Oh, Lord!

Miss Ashford

My dear Mr. Spaulding, if you only could!

Douglas

Oh, I can. I don't know what it is, but I can.

Miss Ashford

The one desire of my life--and the young ladies too--for they are interested--our one great desire--

(Looks L. nervously)

is--to see a MEDIUM.

Douglas

I'll get you one.

Miss Ashford

Oh--can you?

Douglas

Certainly--I'll telegraph for one tonight.

(Urging Miss Ashford L. Aside)

Anything to end this.

Miss Ashford

(As she goes)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding!

Douglas

Don't mention it.

Miss Ashford

Yes--as you say--some other time.

(Enter Edith and Eva L.D. quickly. Douglas going R. with chicken)

Oh, Lord!

(Bus. of dancing back R. trying to put chicken in pocket)

Edith

(Down L. to Miss Ashford)

Oh, Miss Ashford, do go in there. That dreadful man that Cousin Harry brought in --

Eva

We couldn't stay there any longer.

Miss Ashford

Mercy! What's the matter?

Eva

He's a beast.

Miss Ashford

(Reproving)

Oh, oh, oh! Young ladies.

Edith

Papa's getting frightfully angry.

Douglas

(Aside R.)

Confound that tailor.

Edith

He's drinking quarts of wine--and talking so loud--and he and Mr. Cattennole will surely have trouble.

Miss Ashford

Oh, dear me. I'll go right in and see about it. But we mustn't neglect the new secretary. There he stands--waiting to have a talk with you about your studies.

(Pushes Eva and Edith toward C.)

I'll leave you with him.

(Goes to L. D.)

Remember. Mr. Spaulding, some other time. Ha, ha, ha, some other time.

(Exits L. D. Douglas stands R. discouraged. Edith and Eva go R. towards Douglas. Bus. of pushing each other etc. Half suppressing giggles, etc.)

Edith

(Who is finally pushed nearest to Douglas)

You wished to talk to us about our studies, Mr. Spaulding?

Douglas

Oh, yes, I did--but perhaps some other time might --

Eva

Any time you say.

Edith

Yes--you know you are our teacher now.

(Edith and Eva laugh bus.)

Eva

We hope you wont be strict, Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas

Ladies, I couldn't be strict with you.

Edith and Eva

Oh!

(Glances at each other then courtesy. Douglas bows, clasps hands suddenly on chicken, straightening up, tries to look unconcerned. Douglas recovers R. Edith and Eva stand R. C. watching him in surprise. He places chairs R. C.)

Douglas

Hem--wont you be seated?

(Edith and Eva sit primpy. Edith nearest to Douglas. He sits R. of them, but as he touches chair springs suddenly up. Bus. of hustling chicken which is in coat-tail pocket). He recovers himself, sits again, awkwardly arranging coat tails as he does so. Eyeglass bus. He has a book. Looks at Edith and Eva severely. Relaxes into a smile)

Well, girls --

Edith and Eva

(Starting)

Sir--

(Rising astonished)

Douglas

(Quickly)

I beg your pardon, young ladies.

Edith and Eva

(Recovering)

Oh!

(They sit as before)

Douglas

How do you feel?

Edith and Eva

(In concert)

Pretty well, I thank you.

Douglas

(Enthusiastically)

You look it.

Edith and Eva

What! Well, really!

(Etc. surprised)

Douglas

(Bus. of recovering himself, book, etc.)

Don't be alarmed--I--hem--I always begin that way with new pupils.

Edith and Eva

Oh!

(Look at each other, satisfied, re-assured)

Douglas

Now I don't want to detain you too long --

Edith

Oh, we haven't anything else to do.

Eva

We like it.

Edith

Yes--we like it.

Douglas

h--really--you are too--

(Rises and bows--with chicken. Aside. Dancing back

(R. holding coat tails)

Damn that chicken.

Eva

(Aside to Edith)

Isn't he a strange man?

Edith

(Aside to Eva)

What is he doing?

(Both turn in surprise)

Douglas

(Recovering)

Pardon ladies--

(Looks about)

I thought I saw--hem -- hem --

Edith

What is it?

Douglas

Merely a bi-cusgate.

Edith

Bi-cuss--what?

Eva

(Nearly together)

What is it?

(Looking about)

Douglas

Is it possible that you never heard of one?

(Edith and Eva shake their heads)

Ah--your education has been sadly neglected. Haven't you studied Bogamy?

(Edith and Eva again shake their heads)

Well, really, of course you've taken lessons in Gehominy? No? Dear me, what have you studied?

Eva

We've had French lessons.

Edith

Oh, yes.

Douglas

(Daubtfully)*

French, um, that is of small consequence in these days. It's hardly considered the thing at all. However, you may give one or two sentences--I want to get an idea of your-general style.

(Seats himself again with gesture)

Edith

Avez vous faim ce soir?

Douglas

(Pause, look of doubt, to front. Turns to Edith)

What did she swear for?

Edith

I didn't say anything about swearing.

Douglas

I beg your pardon--I thought you said--"she swore"--The sentence once more, if you please.

Edith

Avex vous faim ce soir?

Douglas

(After pause)

Yes--very defective--very. I could scarcely understand you at all.

Edith

I said "Are you hungry this evening"

Douglas

(Jumping to his feet)

Hungry--I'm starved.

(Girls start)

Oh!

(Suddenly recovers himself)

Your pardon. French--hem--French always has such a strange effect -- I was born in--French--I mean in--France. Yes--I was born--I had that misfortune.

(Covers face a moment)

Edith

(Putting out hand)

Oh--I'm so sorry, Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas

(Taking her hand)

Don't mention it--it's all over now.

Eva

(Holding out hand)

It must have affected you painfully I'm sure.

Douglas

(Taking her hand)

Yes, I felt it keenly for a moment.

(Covers face. Puts hand on chicken carressingly)

Edith

(To Eva)

Isn't it too bad?

Eva

(To Edith)

Poor fellow.

Douglas

I'm better now.

Edith

We'll never speak French again.

Douglas

(Feelingly)

No--don't.

(Slight pause)

Eva

Mr. Spaulding--do you play lawn tennis?

Douglas

(Sudden change of manner, pushing back glasses)

Play it? I should think I did.

Edith

Oh, do you? And croquet?

Douglas

Adore it!

Eva

And do you ride, Mr. Spaulding?

Douglas

Just try me.

Edith

Oh, I'm sure we'll like you ever so much.
(Drawing chair nearer Douglas)

Eva

So we will.
(Drawing chair close to Edith's)

Douglas

(Drawing chair close to girls)
 Ladies, I like you already.

Edith and Eva

(in concert)
 Oh!

Edith

I know you wont make us study very hard.

Douglas

My dear--
(Takes Edith's hand)
 I wont make you study at all.

Edith and Eva

Oh--!
(Edith withdraws hand)

Douglas

My method is entirely new.

Edith and Eva

What is it?

Douglas

I teach without books.

Edith and Eva

Oh!

Douglas

I believe in combining study with--hem--with recreation.

Edith and Eva

So do I! So do I! Oh, how do you do it?

Douglas

When we promenade together and gather beautiful flowers--
 you will insensibly absorb the principle of Botany.

Edith and Eva

Oh!

Douglas

When we ride--you will obtain a thorough knowledge of the--e--
 laws of gravitation.

Edith

And when we play croquet?

Douglas

You will acquire the free use of adjectives.

Edith

(To Eva)
Oh, isn't he splendid?

Eva

(To Edith)
Isn't he?

Edith

(To Douglas)
I know we'll like your method immensely, Mr. Spaulding. When can we begin?

Eva

Yes, when can we have our first lesson?

Douglas

Just as soon as you please.

Edith

Tonight.

Eva

Yes.

Douglas

(They nod vigorously)
Hem!--

(Hand on chicken)
Very well--

(Rises)
Ladies, let us step out on the veranda and absorb a little astronomy.

Edith and Eva

(Rising eagerly)
Oh, yes--come. Yes.
(All start up R. C. Enter Harry L.D. as they start. Xes C)

Harry

I beg pardon--do I--intrude?
(Edith, Douglas, Eva turn in line at window up R. Douglas
(between ladies))

Eva

(Coldly)
Oh, no.

Douglas

We are about to commence our studies.

Harry

Ah, you know --
(Approaching)
That's just what I --

Douglas

Oh, no, no, it wouldn't interest you at all.

Edith

Not at all.
(Shaking head up near door. Douglas gives an imitation of
(Harry's ha, ha, ha.))

Eva and Edith

(Turning quickly to Douglas)
What's the matter?

Douglas

(Quickly to ladies)

Beg pardon! A slight bronchial affection--that's all. Come, ladies.

(Takes Edith's hand. Hold it tenderly)

I will not illustrate my new method.

(Exits window up R. with Edith)

Harry

Oh--I say--Miss Webster!

Eva

(Who was following Edith, turns)

Well, sir?

Harry

I say--you know--hang it all--I want to take a lesson too.

Eva

(Down a little nearer Harry)

Do you really?

(Steals off up R.)

Harry

Yes I do, really.

(Turned front, supposes Eva is still at his side)

I'm sure you'd make a charming teacher--and I'll be an apt pupil--I--e--

(Stops, sees that Eva has gone)

Confound it, I wish I'd been the secretary.

(Crash outside L. Loud talking off L. Gibson and Cattermole)

There goes that confounded tailor again--there'll be the deuce to pay.

(Exits window up R. Loud talking off L. Gibson's voice

heard. Cattermole telling him to keep quiet. Enter Miss

Ashford L. D. -- excited)

Miss Ashford

Mercy! What a man that is. What could have possessed Harry to bring him here?

(Enter Marsland L. D. in indignation)

Marsland

Miss Ashford, where is my nephew? Where is Harry?

Miss Ashford

I don't know.

Marsland

Why did he bring that--Ulster to my house? He's a disgrace to decency -- a--

(Voice and crash. Gibson's voice outside L. Fragment of a song followed by a crash)

Listen to that. Did you ever hear of such a thing. Where are the young ladies?

Miss Ashford

I left them with the new secretary.

Marsland

I wish them to require at once. Do you understad, at once, and stop. You may close the house. I shall go to bed, it's quite late and I've had enough of this vulgar drunken beast.

(Going up L. turns)

Excuse me to Mr. Cattermole. Find Harry and tell him to take care of his friend. I shall speak to him in the morning about this.

(Exit door up L.)

Miss Ashford

Mercy, where can Harry be --

(About nervously, looks off L.)

And Mr. Cattermole's getting angry--he and that man are having a time--oh, dear. I must find someone. Harry, Harry.

(Exit door up L.)

(Gibson and Cattermole voices off L. Enter Cattermole followed by Gibson intoxicated L. D. Cattermole has a newspaper)

Cattermole

My, my, my, did I ever hear of such a man in all my life. He's positively unbearable--the more he drinks, the more he talks.

(Goes to chair and takes up paper)

Gibson

You musht assist me to shoar.

Cattermoal

I'd assist youto bed if I had my way.

Gibson

They're all going to the meet tomorrow.

Cattermole

Yews--and you've been to the drink today.

Gibson

I wish I hadn't had that champagne. Here, let's sit down and talk.

(Knocks against Cattermole who sits on chair Gibson falls on chair beside him)

Catterole

(Throwing Gibson part of newspaper)

"ere, sit down over there and read the paper. You can read, I suppose?

Gibson

(Takes paper)

Of course I can read.

Cattermole

Well, sit down and read then, and don't bother me.

Gibson

Oh, bother. I'm too jolly to read now.

(Sits in arm chair in front of fireplace)

I'd rather play a game of--Sst.

Cattermole

En? What do you say?

Gibson

I say I'd rather play a game of whizz--st!

Cattermole

You don't know what you're talking about.

Gibson

Extraordinary thing! They're taking to printing the newspapers upside down.

Cattermole

Why don't you stand on your head and read it?

Gibson

Ha, ha, that's v'ry funny. Ha!

(Tries to read)

Oh, I can't see to read--it must be the lights.

Cattermole

More likely the liver.

Gibson

I can't read.

Cattermole

I thought not.

(Reading paper)

I say, how long do you think the government'll hold out?

Gibson

(Laughing)

He, he, he, he.

(Rises and goes to C.)

Cattermole

Don't make that idiotic noise. I say, how long do you think the government'll hold out?

Gibson

He, he, he--I was just wondering how long your waistcoat buttons would hold out.

Cattermole

(Louder)

How long do you think the government'll hold out?

Gibson

Well, don't get excited. Don't fly off into a passion--don't quarrel about politics.

(Going to Cattermole. Cattermole rises and starts R.)

Cattermole

Oh, go away.

Gibson

(Seizes Cattermole's coat--tries to examine it)

Pardon me, but your coat's very badly cut.

Cattermole

Where? Where's my coat cut? Who could have cut that coat?

(Looking at tail of coat)

Gibson

You'll pardon me, but you haven't got a fit.

Cattermole
No, but I'll have one in a minute if you do on like this.

Gibson
I'm a judge of these things.

Cattermole
We were talking of polotics.

Gibson
Oh, damn polotics.

Cattermole
What a profane man.

Gibson
Donyou know where the fault lies?

Cattermole
Of course I do, in the government.

Gibson
No, sir-in the man that cut it. That sleeve's put in all wrong.
(Gibson tries to examine sleeve and Cattermole tries to
avoid him)

Cattermole
Ah!
(Scream)
don't tickle me, sir.

Gibson
I don't want ficle, tell you sleeve's put in all wrong.

Cattermole
Who's been putting my sleevein wrong?

Gibson
That coat was made by an idiot.

Cattermole
Nothing of the sort. It was madein Calcutta.

Gibson
What Cutter?

Cattermole
Cal.

Gibson
Well, Cal's a damn bad cutter.

Cattermole
There he goes again.

Gibson
That coat was made by an ignoramus.

Cattermole
You said it was made by an idiot just now, you don't know what
you're talking about.

Gibson
Oh, you do look an object. Look here, I'll measure you for a
coat. Come sit down. I'll measure you for a coat.

Cattermole

I don't want a coat. I've got all the coats --

(Gibson goes behind Cattermole, and throws measure around him and chair)

Oh-go away. What's all this.

(Struggling, pushes out measure)

Gibson

Ha, ha, you measure forty seven feet around. I don't really think I can make you a coat. I haven't got cloth enough.

(Goes up C., sits on table, in doing so rings bell)

Cattermole

Confound his impertinence.

(Enter John door up L. and comes on a little way)

John

What is it, sir?

Gibson

(Making kick at John)

G--get out!

(Exit John up L.)

I want to shoar--I--hic--I am an artist--You think I am merely a --

Cattermole

I think you area drunken scallywag.

Gibson

Whas that?

(Starts up with maudlin ferocity)

Cattermole

I say, you're a drunken scallywag. Do you hear?

(Enter Douglas window up R. Xes quickly down)

Gibson

Thash an insult--

(Douglas seizes Gibson by collar)

Douglas

You miserable drunken sot, what do you mean?

Gibson

(Tries to get at Cattermole, but hangs himself over Douglas' arm)

Lemme get at 'im.

Douglas

Don't mind him, Mr. Cattermole. He's suffering from a sunstroke he once had.

Cattermole

Sunstroke! Well, I never heard it called by that name before.

Douglas

You'd better ertire, sir, you only excite him.

Cattermole

Oh--well--to oblige you--I'll go out here and take a smoke.

(Up to window up R.)

But I'll make him apologize in the morning.

(Enter Harry window up R. meeting Cattermole up near window)

Harry
What's the matter? Wnyone hurt?

Cattermole
You'd better go to your friend there--he's suffering from sun-stroke.

(Exit Cattermole window up R.)

Harry
(Coming down R. C.)
"hat's the row, Douglas, Oh, Lord!

Douglas
What shall I do with him?

Harry
Put him on the lounge in the library.

Douglas
Where is it?

Harry
(Pointing to R.D.)
In there you know.

Douglas
Go and keep the ladies away.

Harry
All right.
(Exits window up R.)

Douglas
(Starting to drag Gibson to R.)
Come here, you imbecile.
(Enter Miss Ashford up L.)

Miss Ashford
Mercy, Mr. Spaulding!

Douglas
(Stopping)
Oh, the deuce!

Miss Ashford
That dreadful man.

Gibson
Dreadful man! What does she man?

Miss Ashford
(Disgust and horror)
Ugh! Ugh!
(Throwing up hands)

Gibson
(Comic imitation)
Ugh! Ugh!
(Hands flung up)

Douglas

Miss Ashford--it'll be impossible to do anything with this fellow unless the house is quiet-and everybody retires.

Miss Ashford

Yes, yes, I'll see to it.

(Rings bell on table up C.)

Douglas

And get Mr. Cattermole to bed--and have the lights put out.

Miss Ashford

Yes. Oh what an awful--awful--

(Enter John up L. D.)

John!

John

Yes, miss.

Miss Ashford

See that the house is closed at once. And have the lights all turned off.

John

Yes, Miss.

(Turns out lights and exits L.D. Stage darkened a little)

Now I'll go and find Mr. Cattermole.

(Starts toward window up R.)

Gibson

(Bus. with paper.)

I shay, here --

(Miss Ashford stops up C.)

When you find Mr. Cattermole, give him this pattern of his baggy old trousers.

(Opens out paper showing pattern torn out. Miss Ashford screams and exits quickly window up R.)

Douglas

(Throws Gibson off R.D.)

Go in there, you brute.

(Exit Douglas after Gibson R. D. Douglas carefully to shut door R. after off. John ditto door L. foot and border lights half down. Pause, all quiet, stage dark. Enter Mr. Spaulding door up L. Hat on, shawl on, in left hand bundle and bandbox. Carpet bag and umbrella in right hand Black cotton glove on right hand. Rubbers on. Stands a moment at door. Turns and goes off again up L. Comes on. Stands half down D.C. May sit in chair above door up L. Lights off, suddenly (bunch) he rises quickly and comes into room)

Robert

(Hollow voice)

I found the door open, so I came in.

(Looks about)

There doesn't seem to be anybody about--I'm so tired. I've walked two miles--with all my goods and chattels. I am nearly dead.

(Sees chair R.C.)

I'll take the liberty of sitting down.

(Goes in front of chair slowly. Pauses. Down further. More anxiety, etc. until he touches chair, when expression

(changes to one of relief and resignation)
This is so comfortable.

(Bus. of putting things down on floor. Carpet bag R., Umbrella R. Band box L. Bundle front. Hat-after hesitation- R. Brings shawl over head to lap, takes off glove, rolls into wad, and puts in R. vest pocket. Spreads shawl, introduce bus. of stopping as he spreads shawl, taking up bundle, carrying around room, hesitating about putting it on various chairs. Finally comes C. and puts it carefully in same place that he took it from)

I suppose someone will come soon and show me where I am to lodge.

(Bus. of spreading shawl again)

I am afraid I shall go to sleep. I will adopt the expedient of pinching myself now and then.

(Bus. of spreading shawl, throws it over himself, covering head, etc. Lies back in chair, feet on bundle shoved out in front. Do not exaggerate this, or any of the foregoing bus. He finally quiets down)

This is so nice.

(Enter Cattermole from veranda up R.)

Cattermole

(In a little-sumbles against lounge)

Well of all the houses I ever was in, the idea of going to bed at such an hour as this. They must take me for a rooster

(Tumbles against chair up C.)

Confound it, they've put out the lights.

(Groans and rubs leg)

Oh, I can't stand this.

(Coming down a little L.C.)

I'll leave this place in the morning -- I --

(Robert snores and whistles bus.)

What the devil's that?

(Listens. Robert breathing bus.)

The gas is escaping somewhere.

(Robert slight snore)

There it is again.

(Robert breath bus.)

Some damn fool has gone to sleep here and blown out the gas.

(Goes down L. of Robert)

Oh I won't stay here another night--not if I --

(Sees Robert, stands looking at him. Goes down and looks at his feet. Returns--knowing from goloshes who it is. Pushes Robert off chair to R. and goes tramping about stepping into Robert's bandbox and wrecking it. Robert falls off chair to R. with an "Oh". Instantly sees Cattermole and the wreck, and runs across to him)

Robert

Oh, my dear sir, what have you done.

(Sinking on knees left of Cattermole, trying to rescue things in box. Gets the lemon and holds it up to his nose) (Cattermole also diving about, gets a bottle of milk, which he holds up front, looking at it. Looks round at Robert. Sees lemon at his nose and hits it away. Robert rises and runs off door up L. Cattermole gets lemon and follows Robert off)

Cattermole

Here, come back here. What do you mean by running away?

(Exits up L. after Robert. Enter Cattermole up L. bringing

(Robert in by coat collar. He leads him down CL.)

What do you mean? What do you mean by following me to this place. What brought you here?

Robert

The railway train.

Cattermole

Oh!

(Swings Robert violently across over his R.) (Robert

stands meekly after bus.)

What motive?

Robert

The locomotive.

Cattermole

Oh!

(Swings Robert violently across to his L.)

What brought you here?

Robert

Do you know--

Cattermole

(Throwing Robert to his knees)

No I don't.

(Robert on knees, Cattermole threatening with bottle of
milk which he takes from his pocket quickly)

Robert

(Rises slowly. Pause)

I think, sir, you are going a little too far.

Cattermole

Oh, you do, eh?

Robert

I do.

Cattermole

Well, I'm not going as far as you are. I'll send you to America
Six months among the Mormons--that'll settle you.

Robert

Oh, how nice.

Cattermole

Oh how nice,

(imitating Robert)

He likes it.

Robert

But my position--my future.

Cattermole

I'll attend to that.

Robert

Yes, but my wife.

Cattermole

(Starts back to R.C.)

What!

(Stands aghast)

Do you mean to say you have married without consulting me?

Robert

(Looks motionless at Cattermole an instand before speak-
(ing))

I don't know why I should consult you, I'm sure--

Cattermole

What!!!

Robert

So long as her family raised no objection.

Cattermole

Her family--her fam---

(Goes up dancing about in crazy rage)

What shall I do? What shall I do?

Robert

Now he's performing some kind of a war-dance.

Cattermole

(Sudden start, looks around alarmed.)

There's someone coming.

(Goes down toward Robert)

You mustn't be seen here.

Robert

Where must I be seen?

Cattermole

I must hide you away.

Robert

But I don't care to hide.

(Cattermole seizes him and hurries him to R.1.)

Cattermole

No--this wont do.

(Takes Robert directly across to L. making his step over
chair at R. C. and 2 chairs at L.C. At door L. Catter-
mole stops again)

No--come this way--you can't go there.

(Runs Robert across to R.1. again)

No, that wont do. We've been there before.

(Turns at R.1. and runs Robert to door up L. Robert bus.
of going over lounge, table, etc. up C.)

No--not there.

(Turns outside up L. having gone off door and rushes
Robert back and to door R.)

No, that wont do.

(Turns door R. and runs Robert to L.D. and fires Robert
in at L.D. Stands panting at chairs L.C.)

Robert

(Coming on at L.D.)

Do you know --

Cattermole

(Turning)

Ah!

(Robert retreats a little)

Robert

(Timidly)

Oh, old gentleman--good soul--nice old man, I'm sure you have a kind heart. Would you be so good as to restore to me all my goods and chattels.

Cattermole

Ah!

(Threatening with milk bottle. Robert exits L.D. frightened)
Goods and chattels!

(Goes R.C. and picks them up. Throws articles off at L.D.)
Here--here's your curry-comb, and here's your trunk, here's your crazy quilt, here's your other shirt, here's your umbrella, here's your stove-pipe--and here's your nourishment.

(Cattermole exits L.D. as he throws milk bottle)

(Enter Miss Ashford door yp R.)

Miss Ashford

(Looks about before speaking)

I thought I saw a stranger come up the front steps--and--just now I heard--is anybody here?

(Enter Cattermole L.D. breathless and perspiring)

Cattermole

I found a cupboard just inside the door and looked the fool in.

Miss Ashford

Is that you Mr. Fingerbowl?

Cattermole

(Disgusted)

Oh, Fingerbowl. Do you want me to spell my name again? Here--

(Offering lemon)
Here's something for you. Oh, no, I forgot.

Miss Ashford

Did anybody come in? I thought I saw--did you see anybody?

Cattermole

No--I haven't seen anybody but the milkman.

Miss Ashford

But I'm sure I saw --

Cattermole

Well, I'm sure you didn't see--you couldn't see--it's too dark.

Miss Ashford

But I'm quite sure somebody came up.

Cattermole

(Bus. of rushing Ashford up stage. Loud yell)

Well, I haven't seen anybody--don't you believe me--don't you believe me--don't you believe me? I haven't seen anybody.

(Ashford exits door Up L. remonstrating)

(Coming down)

Do you think I'd lie about a little thing like that.

(Down to L. D.)

Confound her--she's after him. She's on the scent. What could have induced that noodle head to follow me to this place?

(Stands by door, enter Douglas R.D. carefully with Gib-son's coat)

Douglas

(R.)

I've fixed the brute. he's snoring away on the lounge--and I've taken his coat--so he won't come out if he wakes.

Cattermole.

Young man!

(In distress)

Douglas

Hullo!

Cattermole

Young man, for heaven's sake --

Douglas

What's up?

(Goes toward C. Tosses coat on chair R.)

Cattermole

(Goes C.)

Young man--I'm in a devil of a fix. The fact is I have a nephew--

Douglas

Indeed!

Cattermole

Yes--and he's a blithering idiot.

Douglas

Don't say!

Cattermole

He's here.

Douglas

(Aside)

By Jove, he's found me out.

Cattermole

He's here--with his bottle of milk and his goloshes--

(Douglas looks astonished)

Now he must leave this place at once--at once.

Douglas

You don't mean tonight.

Cattermole

Tonight.

Douglas

Oh--I say--this is rather sudden. I--I'll go tomorrow morning if you say--but not tonight.

Cattermole
 Tonight--tonight--tonight--You're a good sort of a fellow
 and you'll help me. Here's the key.
 (Giving Douglas key)

Douglas
 What key?
 (Taking key)

Cattermole
 The key to the cupboard--my nephew's in it.

Douglas
 Oh, your nephew's in the cupboard, is he?

Cattermole
 Yes.

Douglas
 That's all right, where? What cupboard?

Cattermole
 Just inside that door. Young man--help me. Oh, take him away,
 put him somewhere. I don't care where. Put him in a well.
 (Goes up to door up L.)

Douglas
 (Leaning on chair R.C.)
 In a well, ha, ha.

Cattermole
 Take him up in an aeroplane and drop him.
 (Goes up)
 Take him out to the races--get a sure tip and lost him.

Douglas
 Don't you worry a minute--I'll attend to him whoever he is.

Cattermole
 Young man, thank you. I'm glad to know you. Oh-if he was only
 like you. See here, see here, do you play poker?

Douglas
 Well, rather--or anything else you like.

Cattermole
 Young man--I'll see you later.
 (At door)
 Bless you! Bless you!
 (Exits door up L.)

Douglas
 Many happy returns of the day.
 (Starts toward door L.D.)
 Who the deuce has he put in the cupboard.
 (Throws open doors L. Stands back a little)
 Hullo, he's out and wandering about the room.
 (Calls off)
 Come here. Come here, quick.
 (Enter Robert L. carrying things awkwardly. He runs

(across to R. Umbrella under left arm, shawl hung over it.
 Broken cover of bandbox on it. Left arm through band-
 box. Bundle in L. hand by string. Bag in right hand.
 Turns and goes toward C. meeting Douglas who follows
 him) (Seeing who it is)

Good Lord!

(Starts back)

What brought you here?

Robert

(Seeing Douglas)

Oh, young man, I'm so glad to find you.

Douglas

Thanks!

Robert

(Looking wildly R. and L.)

Is that terrible ruffian gone?

Douglas

Yes, he's gone. But you mustn't be seen here.

Robert

As I ask is a little repose.

(Douglas seizing Robert by L. arm and taking him up L.C.)

Douglas

Come along quick--I'll get it for you.

(Sudden stop, turning Robert around)

Too late!

Robert

(Dropping things)

What is too late?

Douglas

(Suddenly taking Robert R.)

Someone's coming. Here, quick, I'll have to put you in the li-
 brary.

Robert

Oh, I should like to go there.

Douglas

There's somebody in there--you mustn't disturb him.

Robert

(Turning to Douglas imploringly near R.D.)

Not that terrible person?

Douglas

No--perfectly charming fellow--you'll like him.

Robert

My goods and chattes.

Douglas

(Rushes to L.C. and throws things to Robert)

Goods and chattels, there are you. Go in there quick!

(Throws large bundle violently. Robert knocks it through

(R.D. Douglas closes door quickly and stands. A yell from

(Gibson outside R. and a single crash of overturned furniture.
(Enter Miss Ashford at door up L.)

Miss Ashford

Then I was right.

Douglas

I don't doubt it, Miss Ashford, but what were you right about?

Miss Ashford

(Coming down)

There's someone here--I know it Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas

Here, why what can you mean?

Miss Ashford

Who was it?

Douglas

(Changes his tone)

Miss Ashford, you promised to be a motherly friend to me.

Miss Ashford

(L.)

Indeed I did, Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas

(With feeling)

Miss Ashford, I trust myself to you.

(Takes her hand)

There is someone here, but there's a secret connected with him.
A strange and gruesome secret. He must be concealed for three
days--then you will know all.

Miss Ashford

(Sudden thought)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding, Oh!

(Flies to him with delight)

You dear, you charming man. I see it all now.

Douglas

(Sincerely)

Well, I'm glad you do.

Miss Ashford

You have gratified the dearest wish of my life. Is it there/

(Pointing R.)

Douglas

(Looks at her-lugubriously)

There's no doubt about that--it's there.

Miss Ashford

The medium!

Douglas

The me--

(Stops--aside)

Oh, by Jove!

(Aloud)

Yes, madam, the medium has come ----

Miss Ashford

Oh you dear man, you telegraphed for it. How good of you.

Douglas

Don't mention it.

Miss Ashford

Oh you are nice. So like your dear mother. She was a noble soul.

(Starts toward door R.)

Now let me see it.

Douglas

(Detaining her)

No, no, it's -- it's quite exhausted.

Miss Ashford

Ah--these celestial beings are so highly organized.

Douglas

The one in there's the highest you ever saw. It must have perfect rest and repose. H'm, do you know where we can keep it out of sight for a few days?

Miss Ashford

Let me see--

(Sudden thought)

The gardener's cottage--there's no one there now.

Douglas

That sounds all right. But can we lock him in?

Miss Ashford.

Yes, yes, I'll get the key.

(Starts up R.)

Douglas

Where are you going--is it there?

Miss Ashford

(At window)

No--but I just want to tell the young ladies--

(Exits up R.)

They'll be so excited about it. Oh it's wonderful, etc.,

Douglas

(On "young ladies")

Oh, wait--no. Don't do that.

(Up towards door R.)

Come back!

(Stops)

Good heavens!

(Goes to door R. and listens a moment. Then goes over to L. and looks off. Comes C. Enter Harry up R.)

Harry

(Hurrying down C. Low voice)

What's all this, old man?

Douglas

All what?

Harry
Why--all this talk about a medium?

Douglas
It's that damn secretary.

Harry
Not Spaulding!
(Douglas nods)

Douglas
That's what it is--he's in there.
(Indicating R.)

Harry
Merciful powers! Where's the tailor?

Douglas
He's in there too.

Harry
By Jove, that's a fine combination, isn't it?
(Noise off R. Chair jammed about on floor)

Gibson
(Outside R.)
Here-I want to measure you for a suit of clothes.

Douglas
(Wait for laugh)
Something's going on.

Harry
(Down)
Better see what it is.
(Harry goes to R.D. and listens. Douglas listens C.
(Spaulding speaks outside R.)

Robert
(Outside R.)
Do you know---do you know---

Harry
(Going towards C.)
Ha, ha, I'd like to see them introduce themselves.
(Enter Robert in alarm R.D. No props. He runs with a
(terrified glide to Douglas down C. He is a little white)

Douglas
(Meeting Robert-low voice)
You mustn't come out.

Robert
(Low voice)
That man in there is very bad.

Douglas
Why he's a noble fellow.
(Harry down R. of Robert, takes hold of him by hand or arm)

Robert

(Low voice)

He keeps trying to measure me for a suit of clothes.

Douglas

(Urging Robert up. Low voice)

Don't let him do it.

Harry

(Low voice)

You must go back.

(Urging Robert back R.)

Robert

(Near R.D. low voice)

I really would prefer to remain somewhere else.

Douglas

(Low voice)

You can't. It's the only room in the house.

Robert

Do you know --

Harry and Douglas

(Voices subdued)

Get in there.

(As they jump Robert off at R. Douglas and Harry jump
Robert in at R.D. and shut it)

Harry

"hat are we going to do?

Douglas

Where's the cottage?

Harry

This way--

(Starting L.)

I know you know.

Douglas

See if it's ready. Lively now.

(Harry and Douglas start to L. on run. Enter Miss Ashford,
Edith and Eva up R. They come quickly on as Douglas and
Harry X to L.)

Edith

(Whisper bus. etc.)

Where is he? Oh, Mr. Spaulding.

Eva

Yes--the medium--oh, Mr. Spaulding.

(Bus. of ladies coming down C. quickly but by starts, etc.
half clinging to each other. Douglas and Harry stop and
turn up L.C.)

Douglas

(To Harry)

Here's the whole family.

(Douglas down L.C. Harry up L.C.)

Miss Ashford

Oh, Mr. Spaulding.

(These lines spoken very quickly, nervously, excitedly,
(but very subdued)

Edith.

Oh, Mr. Spaulding, where is it, Mr. Spaulding? Let us see it.

Douglas

(To Miss Ashford)

Where's the key?

Miss Ashford

(C.)

Out at the cottage.

Edith

Oh--we can see it when you take it out can't we?

Eva

What does it look like?

(Enter Spaulding door R. running on down before others
C. with a prolonged yell--"Oh"--waving arms, face white,
Noise of banging furniture and Gibson's voice off R.
as Spaulding runs in. Miss Ashford, Edith and Eva give
piercing screams, retreating up C. Douglas and Harry seize
Spaulding each side, carry him quickly to door R., his
feet kicking in the air, and throw him in at R.D. Close
it and stand leaning against each other, back to back,
before the door, until the house quiets down. They do
this naturally without attempts to get laughs)

Douglas

(To Harry-low voice)

We must get him out. He'll rouse the house.

Harry

(To others)

Come!

(Starting)

We'll all go out and get the key.

(Quickly to Edith and Eva and bus. of taking them off at
door up L.)

Edith, Eva and Miss A.

(As they start excitedly L.)

Oh, yes, oh, the key. Oh I'm so frightened. Did you ever see, etc.

(Exit Harry, Edith and Eva, one each side of door at L.
Miss Ashford stops at door and turning seizes Douglas
by the wrist as he comes up)

Miss Ashford

Now--now we will have some real manifestations.

Douglas

Yes--I rather think we will.

(Exit Miss A. and Douglas door up L. Noise of banging out-
side R. Gibson's voice in drunken shout. Enter Robert
R. with yell, rushing across to L.C. Stands looking
back at R. He has shawl over L. arm. Bandbox on L. arm,
arm through it, carpet bag in L. hand, middle finger

(through handle to let go. Umbrella in L. hand. Large bundle dragging after him bu string held in R. hand. long enough to let it lie on floor and still hold it. As he runs in a chair is thrown on after him from R.D.)

Robert

(Stands motionless till house quiets down)

All these things have a tendency to make me tired. That man in there is worse than the other. One's life is not safe there. He tore down the window curtains when I refused to give him my coat.

(Bus. of walking around bundle as he looks about)

This is a remarkable house. I may be wrong--but I have an impression--there is a screw loose somewhere. I really think it is a private lunatic asylum of some kind.

(Pauses, closes eyes briefly as if very weary)

If I could only obtain a few moment's repose.

(Stands, eyes, closed, bus. of dropping carpet bag, starts at noise, looks about)

There's somebody in this room with me.

(Sees bag-picks it up)

There is a lounge. Perhaps I can avail myself of it for a short time.

(Starts across toward R. over bundle astride of string) Without knowing it, bundle drags behind him. He stops C. and looks back)

I know you are there, sir.

(Turns coming toward L. Hears bundle behind him. Bus. of turning and hitting it with umbrella. Sees what it is. pulls it up with jerk of string. Goes to chair R.C. and prepares to sit.)

If I can only get out of the draught, I shall be safe.

(Half up, after moistening, to see if there is a draught. Prepares to sit down)

I suppose someone will come soon--and show me where I am to lodge. I don't like this place very well. I have an impression it isn't exactly quiet here. If things go on as they do at present, I have some doubts whether I can remain here long.

(Sits L.C. facing R. Puts handkerchief over face. lies, back. Bus. blows up handkerchief in breathing)

This is so nice.

(Short pause)

(Enter Miss Ashford, Edith and Eva cautiously door up L. They come in by stairs, Edith and Miss Ashford down L. and L.C. a little way with extreme trepidation. Eva lingers near door up L.)

Edith

Wont they come back soon?

(Coming down L. a little way)

Miss Ashford

They've only gone to fix the room for him at the cottage.

(Down with Edith L. or L.C. a little way)

Eva

(Who has lingered near door up L.)

Oh!

(Jumps. Others jump. Eva retreats down L. L. of others)

Oh, dear, I'm so frightfully nervous.

Edith

Oh, pshaw, don't be afraid--it's nothing but--oh!
(Jumps. Others jump)

Miss Ashford

(Going fearlessly toward C.)

Sh! Don't be foolish--a--medium is only a person--a mere--oh!
(Screams and jumps seeing Spaulding's feet. Runs back L.
To Edith and Eva. Others start. All subdued screams.
(They cling together down L.)

I thought I saw.

Edith

So did I --

Eva

What is it?

Edith

It's the medium.

(Loud whispers)

Miss Ashford

So it is.

Eva

Where? Where?

Edith and Miss A.

(Pointing together)

There! there!

Eva

It's fast asleep.

Edith, Eva and Miss A.

Oh--Oh my! So it is! Oh, yes, it is!

Edith

Shall we wake it?

Miss Ashford

Oh, no, on no account.

(Goes toward Robert)

Perhaps--perhaps it is a magnetic slumber, and the medium may be in ecstasy.

(Robert snores, Edith and Eva move back horrified)

He is in ecstasy. Who knows what sublime visions are passing through his mind. It is thus described in the book: First the spirits make themselves known by knockings!

(Three loud distinct knocks outside up R. Heavy brace or hammer on floor, followed by drunken yell from Gibson. and crash of brace or chair thrown down. All coming, all coming quickly after knocks. Knocks slowly. Ladies stand in frightened expectation)

The knocking is heard, soon--

(Loud voice)

soon the apparition will glide from the medium!

(Gibson enters R.D. with no coat on and white window curtains draped about him)

They come! They come!

Wheresh my coat!

(Comes down R. staggering)
(Ladies begin to scream) Cloud sharp terrified shrieks.
(Enter Marsland followed by Cattermole R.D. carrying
candles. Marsland with long white night dress on. He
should arrive in time to represent one of the appa-
ritions. Ladies scream still louder. Robert starts up
and looks around in astonishment. Enter Douglas and
Harry door up L. They run quickly down, seize Robert by
the arms and drag him off door up L. Cattermole follows
trying to cover up the retreat and keep others from
seeing Robert. Ladies drop screaming in various posi-
tions. Miss Ashford in chair L.C., Edith at piano, Eva
on floor at Miss Ashford's side, head in her lap. Gibson
falls drunk down R. Incidental music. Marsland stands R.
in blank astonishment. Keep it up until morning. Screams.
Shouts, etc. incidental music swell for end of Act and
curtain.)

QUICK CURTAIN

(Second Curtain: Harry down a little trying to restrain
Cattermole. Douglas at door up L. as if keeping Robert
back)

" THE PRIVATE SECRETARY "

ACT III

A C T T H R E E

SCENE: (Next morning. Drawing room at Mr. Marsland's
as in Act II. Furniture re-arranged, set back,
etc. Piano L. Table for "Tipping scene" up
one side. Edith and Eva discovered seated
R.E.L.)

Edith
What are you thinking about?

Eva
Oh, dear.

Edith
Oh, but you are pensive.

Eva
Don't be silly.
(Rise and X to L.C.)

Edith
Are you going to forget our agreement? To tell each other
which of 'em we liked best--fully and fairly, no prevarica-
tion, no deceit.

Eva
Oh, of course--no prevarication, no deceit.

Edith
Well, let's do it now.
(Sits on ottoman C.)

Eva
Oh, very well.

Edith
You begin.

Eva
No-I'd rather you did. If I tell you first you'll laugh at me.

Edith
No I wont.

Eva
You wont?

Edith
(Shaking her head)
Of course not.

Eva 577371

Well then I -- I -- I think I like the secretary best.
(Sits on ottoman L.C.)

Edith

Mr. Spaulding! Oh!
(Turns pouting)

Eva

That is to say--I only mean, of course, that he intereste me most--ahem--e--interests me most--don't you think so?

Edith

Oh, well, after a while people who know everything become terrible bores. Haven't you noticed that?

Eva

I don't think he knows so very much. Anyway he isn't a bit stuck up about it--and you must allow he's awfully nice looking.

Edith

Passably--perhaps just a little--nothing particular.

Eva

And back of everything you can see he's so charming and well bred.

Edith

How wonderfully you describe him. You must have made a study of it.

Eva

Why shouldn't I--if I like him so much? Now it's your turn, which is your favorite?

Edith

Oh, well, I'm not going to make any mystery about it. I think Harry's ever so much the nices.

Eva

Oh, really!
(Turns pettishly)

Edith

He--he has such an expressive face.

Eva

Yes--rather.

Edith

But his eyes--well you must admit his eyes are lovely.

Eva

You must have been llooking into them a lot.

Edith

Yes--I have. Suppose you look next time.

Eva

I will--
(Pause--both vexed)
I'm glad we've had this explanation.

Edith
Oh, yes, it's so nice to tell each other everything.

Eva
Like sisters.

Edith
Yes--or more so.

Eva
But if you really like your sousin, why don't you treat him better?

Edith
That's my affair.
(Rises)
Let's always remember our compact. No concealment--no prevarication.

Eva
Oh, no, always truth and candor.
(Turn from each other up R. and L.)
(Enter Douglas R.U.E. with Harry)

Harry
Here they are.

Douglas
Young ladies, your slave. I mean--your teacher.

Edith
Oh, Mr. Spaulding, that music lesson, can't I take it now?

Eva
Yes, Mr. Spaulding, I'm dying to hear you play.

Edith
(Xing toward C.)
No, he's going to give me a lesson.
(Goes to piano up L.)

Douglas
(To Harry R.F.)
What am I going to do now? I don't know any more about music than a hen.

Harry
(Aside to Douglas)
You're all right, just beat time, and count one, two, three, and all that sort of rot.

Douglas
Is that all?

Harry
That's all the other man did.

Douglas
All right. Here we go. Hem--Miss Edith--hem--we will not have the music lesson.

4

(Goes to piano. Harry places chair near the one R.C. and motions Eva. They sit close together R.C.)

Edith

Here's something I know. Let's see--common time, isn't it?

Douglas

(Bus. looks about)
Yes--very.

Edith

What!

Douglas

I mean of course--yes--suppose you play it.

Edith

Will you count?

Douglas

Oh, yes.
(Edith plays)

Douglas

(Counts)
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen --
(Harry, Eva, Edith burst into loud laughter)

Edith

(Stops playing, laughing)
What an extraordinary way of counting.

Douglas

Is it? How do you count?

Edith

Why--one, two, three, four, over and over again.
(Harry and Eva talk together R.C.)

Douglas

Oh, that's the old way. Mine's the latest thing, you know. That's what I came here for--to teach you modern methods of-- Now--once more, if you please.
(Edith plays)

Harry

(To Eva on ottoman)
You'd play a lot better than that.
(Takes her hand)
Your hands are--your hands--well--they're lovely. They're the sweetest--

Eva

(Drawing hands away)
Oh--you're making fun of me.

Harry

I never was so earnest in all my life.
(Glances around)
Let's go out in the garden--we can't hear ourselves think with

all that noise.

Eva

Oh, no, I couldn't. Edith would never forgive me.

Harry

You darling.

(Tries to put his arm around her)

You know I love you, so what --

Eva

Oh, sh! Don't speak so loud.

(Edith strikes loud discord on piano, stops playing,
Harry and Eva jump apart. Harry takes newspaper and
pretends to read)

Edith

I simply can't play if they go on talking like that--

Douglas

I must have --No we'll wait till the room quiets down a little.

Edith

(Looking up at him mischievously)

You aren't very strict when you give music lessons, are you?

Douglas

I must have some consideration for those exquisite fingers.

(Takes her hand)

Edith

Now if my cousin Harry said anything like that --

Douglas

Cousin Harry isn't the only one who has a heart.

Edith

I think I had better go on.

(Gasps)

playing.

(Plays piano again)

Harry

Now she's at it again. How do they suppose anyone can carry on a conversation with that going on. And I wanted to tell you something.

Eva

What is it?

Harry

(Lower voice)

This! This--that you're the loveliest, sweetest, dearest, thing to me in the world.

(Kisses her. Edith strikes loud and prolonged crash
and discord and stops playing)

Douglas

I can't possible give music lessons while this sort of thing is going on.

(Down toward Harry and Eva)
That last passage should have been done pizzacatto.

Harry
(Who has taken up newspaper)
I say, old fellow, here's a frightful affair. A fellow strangles his mother-in-law because she gave him a hard boiled egg for breakfast. Oh, I see what it is, we're in the way. We'll go.
(Going up to back. Enter Miss Ashford ~~xxx~~ quickly and excitedly door up L.)

Miss Ashford
Oh, dearme!

Eva, Edith, Douglas and Harry
What is it? What's the matter? Anyone hurt?

Miss Ashford
Edith--Eva--Mr. Marsland wants to see you at once, you too, Harry, he's in his study.

Edith
But can't we finish our music lesson?

Miss Ashford
No, no--he's in a state. You'd better go at once.
(Harry, Edith, Eva going off L.U.E.)

Harry
That's rather rough now, isn't it?

Edith, Eva
Isn't it? I should think so, what do you think he wants of us? Etc., etc.

Edith
Goodbye, Mr. Spaulding.
(Douglas kisses his hand to her while Miss Ashford is not looking, exit Eva and Edith up L.)

Harry
(At door up L.)
I say, Douglas--don't forget about that hard boiled --
(Douglas raises book as if to throw. Exit Harry quickly)

Miss Ashford
(Coming down to Douglas)
Oh, Mr. Spaulding.

Douglas
At your service.

Miss Ashford
Oh, dear me, Mr. Marsland!

Douglas
What seems to be the matter with him?

Miss Ashford
He's in such a state. He suspects something is wrong. Oh he's very much worked up, and the lessons must begin promptly at eleven. He's going to attend the first one himself.

The deuce he is!

Douglas

Miss Ashford

(Starts)
What!

Douglas
I mean--hem--delighted, I'm sure.

Miss Ashford
I hope everything'll go--oh so smoothly.

Douglas
Thanks--so do I.

Miss Ashford
(To Douglas quickly)
And, oh, Mr. Spaulding --

Douglas
Oh, yespp

Miss Ashford
(Wringing hands)
The medium!

Douglas
What has he done?

Miss Ashford
He's gone.

Douglas
Why, that's impossible, we locked him in.

Miss Ashford
He isn't there. He has vanished away into the midnight air.

Douglas
Well, we've got to find him. If he's discovered we're lost.

Miss Ashford
(Starting)
Oh, if Mr. Marsland would find it out.

Douglas
He'd simply murder every one of us.

Miss Ashford
I believe he would.

Douglas
Go and find that medium for heaven's sake.

Miss Ashford
(Starting to go)
Yes--I'll look again.

Douglas
Have you given him anything to eat?

Miss Ashford

(Turning astonished)

Eat! Mercy, no! Do they eat?

Douglas

(Hives a look up)

Eat, madam they have the appetites of ostriches--would you starve the medium to death?

Miss Ashford

Starve him! Oh, dear no! I'll find him something. I didn't know they required material food.

(Exit Miss Ashford door up L.)

Douglas

(Going R.)

By the graet Harry, he ought to be hungry by this time--nothing to eat since he came.

(Enter Cattermole window up R. He comes down R. C. smoking cigar. Does not see Douglas at first)

Cattermole

(Seeing Douglas)

Oh! Ah!

Douglas

Same to you--an' many happy returns o' the day.

Cattermole

Young man--ahem--I--rather like you.

Douglas

Thanks--so do I.

Cattermole

Young man--

(Looks around cautiously)

Give me your hand.

(Douglas and Cattermole grasp hands)

You got me out of the devil of a scrape last night.

Douglas

How was that, old boy?

Cattermole

(Delighted)

Old boy, ha, ha, ha!

(Chuckling laugh)

Old boy, ha, ha! Why--when you got my fool nephew out--an' made 'em think he was a burglar--a burglar--ha, ha, ha!

Douglas

Yes--burglar--ha, ha, ha,.

Cattermole

I say--what have you done with him?

Douglas

Locked him up in the gardener's cottage.

Cattermole

The miserable milk and water poppinjay--I'll disown him.

Douglas

Good idea--disown him.

Cattermole

They do those things, don't they?

Douglas

Every day. Nearly as common as divorce.

Cattermole

How do they go about it?

Douglas

Why, just sail in and give it to him right and left and disown him--and there you are.

Cattermole

Right and left--um--that's all that's necessary, is it?

Douglas

(Nods)

Complies with all the requirements.

Cattermole

(Going up R. C.)

I'll do it--I'll give it to him--right and left--I say--can I get around this way--through the library?

Douglas

Oh, yes--you'll have to jump 15 or 20 feet, but a man of your ability--

Cattermole

I'll jump on him. I've give it to him--right and left.

(Exits door R.)

(Enter Harry quicklu up L.)

Harry

Douglas, for heaven's sake!

(Goes to Douglas)

Douglas

(R. C.)

You seem excited.

Harry

(L. C.)

My uncle's been giving me Cain, you know.

Douglas

What's the matter with him?

Harry

He's fearfully put out you know--about last night.

Douglas

Didn't he like the manifestations?

Harry

No, and he didn't like Gibson either. And he's coming now with the girls, to see what kind of a lesson you give. Now what are you going to do?

Douglas

Give 'em a lesson--that's all.

(Going R.)

Harry

Well-I don't see how you --

(Going L.)

(Enter Robert up R. with things. Walks down C. with deliberate steps, L. arm through bandbox, valise in R. hand

(Note: Shawl, umbrells and pair of tongs left back of fireplace down R. (Off stage) to get later)

Robert

Young men, your pardon I'm sure.

Douglas and Harry

(Turn quickly)

Good Lord, you here!

Robert

Young men, I have made up my mind. It will be impossible for me to remain in this asylum any longer unless I can obtain a little nourishment of some kind.

Douglas

(R.)

Yes, course.

Harry

(L.)

Hungry, are you?

Robert

Oh, I am exceedingly hungry. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday at two in the morning.

Douglas

You haven't eh?

Robert

I have not.

Douglas

What shall we do, Harry?

Harry

We'll conceal him in the shrubbery, and then I'll ask Miss Ashford to take him something to eat.

Robert

(Turning to Harry)

Miss Ashford, did you say? She was my mother's dearest friend. Oh, I shall be so delighted to make her acquaintance.

Harry

Now you must distinctly understand, Mr. Spaulding, that you are to keep perfectly quiet.

Robert

Quiet§

(Harry and Douglas nod emphatically)

Oh, I shall have no difficulty about that. From a child I've been accustomed to be seen and not heard.

Douglas

And remember--if you're discovered--you're lost.

(Robert looks at Harry and Douglas)

Robert

That seems rather singular. Are you positive about it?

Douglas

Positive -- no doubt of it.

Harry

If you are discovered you are lost.

Robert

(Repeating mechanically)

If I am discovered you are lost.

Douglas and Harry

No--you are lost! You!

Robert

Oh--I am lost!

(Harry and Douglas assent)

Well, young gentlemen, it seems to me I would really prefer to be discovered with something to eat, than to be lost without it.

Douglas and Harry

(Starting up stage and toward door up L. with Robert.

(Divide these speeches between them)

Come this way, then--Keep quiet! We'll find you something!

(Urging Robert on)

Come along! Hold on!, Come one coming! Here! Get back here!

(Douglas and Harry quickly force Robert back down R. and stand before him)

Robert

(Forced down R.)

What does is seen to be?

Douglas

(Quick low voice)

Shut up!

(Stands before Robert R.)

(Enter Marsland L. followed by Edith and Eva who come in pointing.)

Marsland

(Turning at door)

Come, come, come! We'll have no delay; Come Edith, come, Eva!

(Brings girls into room. Comes down followed by girls. Loud voice)

Mr. Spaulding!

Robert

I am here, sir.

(Bus. of Harry and Douglas shoving Robert into fireplace
R. Harry opens screen, Douglas and he push him suddenly
in. Marsland looks around surprised. Douglas quickly R.
C., bowing, etc. Harry stands on guard near fireplace.
Both Douglas and Harry assume an innocent air)

Marsland

Did you speak?

Douglas

Yes, sir--I said--I was here, sir.

Marsland

Your voice sounded strange--far away.

Douglas

Yes--far away--that's a peculiarity of our family, sir, I have
an uncle who is a ventriloquist.

Marsland

Your family has many remarkable peculiarities. Hem--we are
ready to commence the morning's exercises.

(Prepares to sit at L.C.)

Eva

(Loud voice, drawling)

Can't Mr. Spaulding give us a music lesson first?

Robert

(Bus. head out of fireplace)

Oh, I should be delighted, I'm sure.

(Harry bus. of stopping Robert and shutting fireboard)

Douglas

(After laugh)

Hem--as I say--delighted I'm sure.

(Placing chair for himself)

But we must have other lessons first.

(Placing chairs)

You will be seated, ladies.

(Edith and Eva sit R.C. Douglas about to sit)

Marsland

Bring the books, sir.

Douglas

(Not understanding)

I beg your pardon--the--e--

(Bus. of look, etc. with Harry)

Marsland

(Sharply)

Bring the books from the library.

(Sits L.C. Harry motions and whispers to Douglas explain-
ing)

Douglas

(Starting R.)

Ah--yes--the books, of course.

(Exits R.D.)

Marsland

Harry, you are not wanted here.

Harry

(A look at fireplace)

Yes--but, uncle--

(Coming down R.)

I'm interested in the lessons, you know.

Marsland

Then I shall expect you to behave yourself with decorum!

Harry

Give you my word I will.

(Winks aside at Eva, stands R. Enter Douglas R. D. with great armful of books which he brings forward. All are astonished--Harry turning meets Douglas R. smothers laughter. Girls laugh merrily. Harry gets newspaper ready for bus. later)

Marlsnad

What in the name of common sence haveyou got there?

Douglas

I thought you wanted books.

Marsland

What study do you propose to begin with?

(Douglas looks nonplussed)

Douglas

I propose to begin with--Sh--

(To Harry quickly)

What the devil do I begin with?

Harry

(To Douglas in a loud whisper)

English literature.

(Stands R.)

Douglas

(Easily)

I propose to open the course, sir, with English literature.

(Drops book accidentally on floor and lap of Edith and Eva. Girls scream)

Marsland

(Astonished, after laugh, loud voice)

What are you doing now, Mr. Spaulding?

~~Robert~~

Robert

(Pushing fireboard open)

I am in the chimney, sir.

(Bus. Douglas throws book at fireboard. Harry turns quickly--dusting off mantel with newspaper to cover up Robert's action)

Marsland

(After laugh)

What are you doing, sir?

Douglas

(Rather quietly)

I am giving the ladies some books, sir, that's all.

(As if a matter of course that he threw them in ladies'

laps)

Marsland

Well, let us have no more ventriloquism, if you please.

(Much annoyed)

Proceed to the lesson at once, Mr. Spaulding.

Robert

(Mouth to crack between fireboard and opening)

Do you know--

(Harry bangs fireboard with newspaper)

Marsland

No, sir, I do not know. I wish to find out what you know.

Douglas

(Low voice to himself)

It won't take you long.

(To Edith and Eva)

Now ladies--hem--attention.

(Sits R. C. Girls sit primly)

We will each take up a book in turn, and proceed to--an analysis and exposition thereof. Miss Marsland, if you please.

Edith

(Takes book, reads title)

"Called Back"

(All look questioningly. Marsland very restless)

Douglas

Called where?

Edith

"Called Back"

Douglas

"What for?"

Edith

"Called Back" -- by Hugh Conway.

Douglas

Oh--that makes sense--called back by Hugh Conway. E--who wrote it?

Eva

Don't you know? Oh it's splendid--and there's a play --

Edith

Oh yes, a play --

(Girls, Harry and Douglas try to speak at once for a

Moment)

Marsland

That will do.

Douglas

(Suddenly stiff and severe)

Yes, that will do. We do not wish to know anything about plays here.

(Eva sits back crushed)

Now I will take a book.

(Picks up book)

"Paradise Lost"--Milton.

Marsland

Ah, yes,

(More satisfied)

Let us hear about that, if you please.

(Harry comes down near Douglas)

Give the young ladies an idea of Milton's life and character.

Douglas

Ahem, young ladies, Milton was -- a man -- of extraordinary genius. He--he--

(Aside to Harry)

What the deuce was he?

Harry

(Loud whisper--to Douglas)

A poet.

Douglas

He was--as I said--a poet. Yes--quite a poet. Now--so far as known, there were only two persons in Paradise.

(Edith and Eva have previously twisted handkerchiefs into shapes of men--or bring them on in that shape, and keep them concealed until now)

Edith

(Handkerchief bus. Trotting out handkerchief doll)

Adam!

Eva

(Handkerchief bus.)

And Eve!

Douglas

Quite right--How well you remember names. Eve was the representative of beauty.

Eva

(Bus. with handkerchief)

That's me.

Douglas

Adam, on the other hand, was a weak man.

Edith

(Bus. with handkerchief)

I should think so, look at him.

Douglas

In fact, about the weakest man of his time.

(Bus. all talk and laugh louder and louder. Girls dance dolls, etc.)

Marsland

Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Spaulding.

(Rises and goes near them)

Mr. Spaulding!

(All quiet instantly on third Mr. Spaulding!)
 You are wandering from the subject, sir. I asked you to tell the young ladies something about Milton.

Douglas
 Yes, sir, that is what I was leading up to.
 (Aside to Harry)
 What shall I tell 'em.

Harry
 (Loud whisper to Douglas)
 He was blind.

Douglas
 Yes--as I said--he was blind. Ah--poor young chap whose only--
 (Marsland moves restlessly)

Harry
 (Quick aside to Douglas)
 He wasn't young.

Douglas
 This poor old man whose sight was snatched away by a cruel Providence, wrote "Paradise Lost". It was a deuced sad case.
 (Handkerchief bus. tears)

Marsland
 (Restless)
 What is all this?

Douglas
 The thought of this unfortunate person--who lost so much--and all because he was blind. I know how he must have suffered, I have ~~xx~~ lost something myself now and then on account of a blind.
 (Harry drops a book on floor and goes up R.)

Marsland
 (After laugh. Rising indignantly, very loud)
 Enough, sir, I've heard enough.
 (Very angry. Girls and Douglas rise alarmed)

Douglas
 (Rising)
 That's rather lucky, ye know, because I've got to the end.
 (Eva goes up during talk, and exits up R. laughing as she goes off. Edith up and stands anxiously)

Marsland
 (Continues indignant outpour without a break. Turning to meet Harry who meets him up C.)
 This will not do at all.
 (To door up L.)

Harry
 But, Uncle,--

Marsland
 (Turning)
 Silence!

(To Douglas)

As for you, sir, come to my room at once.

(Goes out door up L. talking)

We'll have an end of such goings on--where did you get this man? I don't want any excuses.

(Etc)

A private secretary indeed.

(Latter to Harry who followed Marsland off door up L.
remonstrating)

Harry

4 (Going L.)

Oh, I say--can't you give him another chance you know. Now hold on a minute. See here, I want to tell you, etc., etc.,

(Douglas and Edith alone -- Pause)

Douglas

(Down R. going C. a little)

Rather odd now, wasn't it?

Edith

(Coming down a little)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding!

(Near him)

I'm afraid papa's very angry.

Douglas

Looks like it, I confess--probably I shall be discharged.

Edith

(Anxious sincerity)

Oh yes--he'll discharge you--I know he will, and what will you do?

Douglas

(Taking her hand)

I shall be wretched--because I have to leave you.

Edith

(Trying to draw back)

Oh, Mr. Spaulding!

Douglas

(Holding her hand)

It's absurd for me to suppose you'll care. I suppose you prefer to have me go.

(Turning away)

Edith

No, no!

Douglas

(Turning to her)

Then I may hope--ah--you don't know. All I came here for was to see you. From the first moment your eyes looked into mine I loved you.

(Edith tries to draw away)

I don't know what'll become of me--if I have to go away--and never see you--

Edith

(Looks down)
I'll be sorry too.
(Enter John up door L. He comes L.C. a little way)

Douglas

You will--oh my darling--my sweetheart--

John

Ah--

(Scream, standing stupidly L.C. Douglas and Edith jump
apart--hands in pockets whistling, or off R.U. window
singing bar of "When the robins next again".)
5

Edith

(Recovering herself, to John R.C.)
What is it, John?

John

(Recovering himself with difficulty)
If you please, Miss, it's a lady as wishes to see somebody
I can't make out.

Edith

Ask her to come in.

John

(Goes up to door up L. turns at door)
An' shall the rest of them come in, Miss?

Edith

The rest of them--why who are they.

John

They seems to be mostly younguns, miss.

Edith

You mean children?

John

Yes, miss.

Edith

Are there many?

John

I should say several miss, if not more.

Edith

Oh, well, just ask the lady to come, I'll see what she wants.

John

Yes, Miss.

(Exits door up L.) (Edith goes up looking off to R. Then
turns as Mrs. S. comes in. Enter Mrs. Spaulding up L.
(Edith bows slightly--somewhat puzzled. Mrs. S. bows and
glances back off door up L. nervously)
Mrs. Spaulding
Will they be save there?

Edith

Who?

Mrs. S.

The children.

Edith

Oh, yes, they'll be perfectly safe. Wont you--wont you sit down?

Mrs. S.

Thank you.

(She seats herself L.C.)

Edith

(Sitting L.C.)

Was there anything --

Mrs. S.

I was so worried about Robert--I had to come.

Edith

Who?

Mrs. S.

Robert, Miss, I hope he's safe and well.

Edith

I think you must have come to the wrong place--really--madam.

Mrs. S.

Dear me--the wrong place--

(Rises)

I hope not. Isn't this Squire Matsland's house?

Edith

Oh, yes.

Mrs. S.

Then it's perfectly correct, miss.

(Sitting)

And he's here an' safe I've no doubt.

Edith

But who is it? You haven't told me yet.

Mrs. S.

To be sure--you must excuse me, miss--he was expected here to give the young ladies lessons.

Edith

Oh--the new private secretary?

Mrs. S.

Yes, Miss.

Edith

Mr. Spaulding.

Mrs. S.

Yes, Miss, oh do tell me he's safe.

Edith

Yes--he's--he's safe.

(Looks doubtfully at Mrs. S.)

I'll send him to you.

(Rises)

Mrs. S.

Thank you kindly, miss. I wouldn't 'ave intruded only I've been so worried about 'im.

(Edith goes up R.C. Hesitates, stops and turns back to

(Mrs. S.)

Edith

Perhaps--that is--if you'd give me your namd--he might want to-

Mrs. S.

I'm Mrs. Spaulding.

(Short pause)

Edith

(After slight pause)

What name did you say?

Mrs. S.

Spaulding--Mrs. Spaulding, Miss. That's why I came here, to see if he was safe.

Edith

(Weakly)

You-you don't mean--that--that you're his-- his--

Mrs. S.

Yes, Miss--

(Quite loud)

I'm Mrs. Spaulding.

Edith

(Slowly)

Miss-ess Spaulding.

Mrs. S.

(Astounded)

Yes-yes, Miss. Of course I am.

Edith

Oh!

(Turns in dry-eyed agony)

Oh!

(Turning back to Mrs. S.)

And those!

(Pointing off up L.)

Those!

Mrs. S./

Mercy, you don't mean the children, do you.

Edith

Yes--the--the children! All those children! Tell me

(Gasping)

Are they--are they his?

Mrs. S.

Indeed they are! I should think so, indeed!

Edith

(Stares a moment, then to herself)

He's deceived me. He's--he's treated me cruelly--cruelly--

(Turns and goes up R.C. a little way-stops)

I'm glad papa--I'm glad papa's going to send him away.

(Turns and goes to window up R.)

Mrs. S.

Oh--I hope--is anything the matter, Miss?

Edith

(Turns up at R.)

Oh--why did you--why --

(Overcomes emotion-speaking with sobby rush)

Why did you come?

Mrs. S.

I had to--I was so sorried about him. He wrote me from London he'd met a terrible man. I hope nothing's the matter. Can't I see him, Miss?

Edith

(Turns at window up R.)

Yes--wipes tears--gasps)

Yes, your husband is--here--I'll send him. Wait--wait--there.

(Exits at window up R. Mrs. S. sits prim and motionless for a moment, then becoming anxious she twists round trying to look off up L. at the children. Seeing Edith returning, she at once sits prim again) (Enter Edith window up R. bringing Douglas by R. arm)

Douglas

(As he is led down towards C.)

I don't understand --

Edith

Base, deceitful man--look there.

(Points to Mrs. S. Douglas looks at Mrs. S. Edith turns and goes up R. a little-wiping eyes with handkerchief)

Douglas

(Turning and going up R. C. after Edith a little way)

Really, I don't see why I should --

Edith

(Turning up R.)

Don't dare to follow me. Look there!

(Pointing to Mrs. S. again) (Douglas again looks at Mrs. S. Edith turns and goes to window up R.)

Douglas

Charmed, I'm sure.

(Turns back to Edith)

But my dear Miss Marsland--

(Starting up toward her)

Edith

(Turns and motions Douglas back)

Keep away!

(Wipes eyes--Douglas stands aghast)

I'm ashamed--that you should--know--how--much I feel it.

(Douglas starts toward her)

Don't come near me. Go--to that woman--and all--and all your children--waiting for you out there in the hall.

(Exits at window up R.)

Douglas

(After looking first at Edith and then at Mrs. S. goes down toward latter uncertainly. Pause)

Ah, good morning, madam.

Mrs. S.

(Prim, dignified)

Good morning, sir.

Douglas

Is there anything I can do to heighten the joy of the occasion?

Mrs. S.

How?

(Severely. Douglas slight start)

Douglas

I understand you--wished to see me--and --

Mrs. S.

Dear me no--I didn't wish to see you, sir.

Douglas

Ah--the young lady told me to--e--to go to you. She also spoke of my going to the children. Where are they?

Mrs. S/

Waiting in the hall, sir--but I don't know why you should go to them.

Douglas

I'm sure I don't--but if--whose are they?

Mrs. S.

Oh, I consider you very impertinent, indeed. They've my children and their father came here as a private secretary to Mr. Marsland--and--

Douglas

What! You don't mean--madam--your name! For heaven's sake tell me your name.

Mrs. S.

(Loud voice)

My name is Mrs. Spaulding.

Douglas

Heaven above us! And he's in the fireplace.

Mrs. S.

(With indignation)

Where is my husband?

Douglas

(Looking about)
Got to get her out of here.

Mrs. S.

(Approaching Douglas)
I demand my husband, sir.

Douglas

(Goes up)
Come with me, madam.
(Goes up toward C.)
Bring all the little secretaries. I'll find your husband.
(Exits up L. rapidly)

Mrs. Spaulding

(Following quickly)
Well, I think it is high time indeed.
(As she goes)
I never heard of such treatment. I never heard of it. One would think--
(Exit Mrs. S. door up L. Enter Edith quickly window up R)

Edith

(Looking after Mrs. S.)
He's actually going with them. And now they've got the children.
And they're going out together.
(Falls in chair L.C. Sob bus. Buries face in hands)
They're going out together.
(Robert yawns, pushes open fireplace and falls part way
out into room, holding shawl, band box, valise, one
golosh in hand (one on foot) tongs, brush. Leave umbrella
and bundle to get later)

Robert

What singular things occur in this house. I must have gone to sleep with my goloshes on. I dreamed that I heard the voice of my dear wife Sarah calling to me from the skies.
(Carries one golosh in hand to drop)

Edith

(Looking about)
What's that? Oh/ What is it/

Robert

(Seeing Edith over fireboard)
Do you know---
(Edith starts to feet, screams several times in succession
(Starts up toward window up R. Robert rises and goes toward her. Enter Cattermole up R. meeting Edith, Robert drops golosh R.C. upon seeing Cattermole)

Cattermole

What's the matter--what--
(Edith points to Robert in terror and runs off up R.)
Ah!
(Seeing Robert)
There he is! There he is!
(Robert runs back to fireplace and gets bundle and um-

(brella. Drops tongs down R. as he goes to fireplace.
Starts up R.C. with things as if to leave. Takes
bundle with right hand and puts it on left hand by
string. Takes umbrella and holds it in left hand. Cat-
termole heads him off, yelling "Go back, stop", etc.
Finally Robert turns, discouraged, goes down R. or
R.C. and stands facing front with meek resignation.
Cattermole goes over to L. and rolls up sleeves as if
to "give it to him right and left". When he has finished
he walks over to Robert, stands close to him)

I've been looking for you.

Robert

It would seem that you have found me.

Cattermole

You fool!

(Seizing Robert)

You ninny!

(Bus.)

You milk sob, imbecile--

(Shakes and drags Robert about)

Robert

(Drops things suddenly)

Do you know--

Cattermole

(Stands back exhausted)

Shut up.

Robert

Do you know--if you continue this way much longer I shall have to be real cross with you.

Cattermole

(Baks away to L. looking at Robert in astonishment.

(Weakly, as if dumfounded)

Shut up;

(After laugh, etc. recovers and starts towards C.)

Don't you dare to speak another word. You shall leave the country--your wife--take her with you. Money! You want money?

(Pulls out pocketbook)

Here's all I've got! Take it!

(Throws pocket book at Robert's feet violently)

I disown you. I'll have nothing more to do with you.

Robert

Oh, how nice.

Cattermole

You're no longer a relative of mine.

(Turns and goes toward door up L. character centrifugal

(run) (Turns at door with final burst)

I cast you off. You're a miserable, long --

(Sudden start, looks off L.)

Someone's coming.

(Coming down C.)

I must put you somewhere.

(Latter in resigned tone)

Robert
You are not going to hide me again?

Cattermole
(Seizing him)
Yes--I'm going to hide you again.
(Imitating Robert's tone)

Robert
Do you know--I've been hiding all the morning.

Cattermole
(Starting L. with Spaulding)
Then hide all the night. Here, come this way.
(Takes Robert across to L.I.)
No--not there! Here!
(Taking Robert up C. and shoving him behind lounge)
Behind this lounge.

Robert
(Standing behind lounge)
My goods and chattels.

Cattermole
(Down to things)
Goods and chattels. Oh, dear me.
(Bus. of picking them up)
Have I got to stopp down again. I'm getting tired of this.
(Looks at tongs in his hand)
Forceps, he must be a dentist.
(Rushes up and throws things behind lounge)

Robert
(Pointing)
Would you kindly return to me my umbrella.

Cattermole
(Going down and getting umbrella)
Your umbrella, yes--I'll get it for you. It might rain while you're behind there.
(Gives Robert umbrella)

Robert
Do you know--
(Bus. Hand out to Cattermole)
No, no, I was only going to say--I'm so fearfully hungry.
I've had nothing to eat all day.

Cattermole
(Picks up golosh)
Here's your golosh, eat that. Now don't you move from this place, till I come back. Remember, if you are discovered, you are lost.

Robert
Oh, no, if I am discovered, it would seem to me that I would be found.

Cattermole
No--lost--Get down there.

(Robert drops down behind lounge up R.C. Cattermole sits on lounge. Takes up book and appears to be absorbed. Enter Miss Ashford L.D. looking about)

Miss Ashford

(Near L.D.)

I can't find that medium anywhere.

(Look about)

He has de-materialized himself and vanished away.

Cattermole

(Reading book, on lounge, aside)

I wish my nephew would vanish away.

Miss Ashford

(Going C.)

Oh, are you there?

Cattermole

No--I'm here.

Miss Ashford

Oh, my dear Mr. Rigamarole.

Cattermole

(Coming down)

Cattermole. C-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e--Cattermole!

Miss Ashford

Yes--oh--I have long wished to ask you--but haven't had a chance before--have you ever seen--

Cattermole

No--I never have--I don't know what is it--but I never saw it. You're a humbug.

(Turning up R. Marlsnd speaks outside up L.)

Now Marlsnd's coming.

(Sits on lounge up R. Enter Marlsnd excitedly door up L)

Marlsnd

(Down C. to Miss Ashford--on R. of her)

Where's my nephew? Have you seen him? Where's Harry, I say?

Miss Ashford

Dear me, I don't know. What's happened?

Marlsnd

Happened! That private Secretary he engaged for us is an ignoramus.

Miss Ashford

Mr. Spaulding!

(Robert raises head a little from behind lounge in suprise)

Marlsnd

Yes--Mr. Spaulding--he doesn't know his A.B.C's. he's an ignorant-vulgar--

Robert

I beg your pardon, I --

Cattermole

(Strikes back of lounge with book as if hitting Robert on the head. Robert puts head down instantly. Cattermole resumes reading)

Marsland

(Looking around)

What's that--ha--Cattermole.

(Goes up)

Have you seen my nephew?

Cattermole

Don't come here, I'm busy.

Marsland

(Turning again to Miss Ashford)

Miss Ashford, I want you to go and find him. Send him to me. I'll teach him to bring such a person to my house. Go, Miss Ashford Go!!!

(Urging her off left door)

Miss Ashford

But, Mr. Marsland, you may be mistaken --

(Etc. Exit door L.2.)

Marsland

(Turning quickly to Cattermole)

Harry playing me such a truck as that.

(Turns and walks down)

Cattermole

I tell you I want to think! think! Think!

Marsland

Think!

(Turns to Cattermole)

What would you think if you had such a nephew as mine?

Cattermole

(Jumping up and coming down C. R. of Marsland)

What would you hink if you has such a nephew as mine.

Marsland

Your's is nothing!

Cattermoel

Great Jerusalem! You ought to see him.

Robert

(Raising head again)

Do you know--

(Cattermole turns and heaves a book at him, Robert quickly gets behind lounge)

Cattermole

Marsland!

(Dragging Marsland up to door up L.)

Marsland-have you got a carriage-a closed carriage of any kind?

Marsland

Yes, yes, what do you want?

Cattermole

I want it. I've got to have a carriage of some kind. I want to take something away.

(Exit door up L. dragging Marsland)

(Enter Miss Ashford door left. She looks about, goes up to door up L. and looks off.)

Miss Ashford

I wonder what can be the matter.

(Goes to window up R. and looks off)

There they go--down to the stables. That' Mr. Cattermole is a most excitable man. But he said he believed in spirits in moderation--

(Comes down C. looking nervously about)

Oh, now is my opportunity. While Mr. Marsland is away. This is the place--the very spot--where the medium went into the trance last night. And Edith said she's just seen it here again. Oh, that I had been in her place. It may be hovering near at this very moment. Perhaps if I make the passes it will appear again. The magnetic influence which Dr. Bogus tells me I possess may serve to recall it. I'll try! I'll try!

(Makes a pass or two and goes down R.)

Oh wonderful creature--if you are still on earth--vouchsafe to appear again, and make your presence known. Come!

(Bus. makes passes facing front)

Come!

(Bus. makes passes facing L.) (Turns toward back-passes)

Come!

(Bus. on last "come" Miss Ashford makes passes towards lounge up C.)

(On 3rd "come" Robert rises from behind lounge, shawl and handbox on left arm, bundle by string left hand, valise and one golosh right hand. Umbrella-tongs-brush left behind lounge)

Miss Ashford

(Dropping upon her knee as Robert rises)

Tis he! Tis he! My fondest hope is realized.

(Bows head humbly. Robert regards Miss Ashford a moment)

Robert

This must be one of the female patients of the asylum. Poor soul, how dreadfully crazy she looks. I'll speak to her.

(Begins to put things over on lounge, preparatory to coming out)

Miss Ashford

(Seeing Robert bus. Rises)

He comes! He comes! by installments--

(Starts a step or two up. Robert quickly seizes things again--starting back a little with them. Miss Ashford comes toward Spaulding, waving hands, making swimming motions, etc. Robert watches her anxiously)

Robert

She thinks she's swimming--

4- (Starts down R. as if to escape. Miss A. follows making passes. Robert Xes to down C. and turns to Miss A., who has come down R. of C. and stands looking at him)

Miss Ashford

Sh!

(She looks cautiously around) (Slow, distinct whisper)

Someone may hear us

(Robert looks around to L. nervously)

Robert

Dear lady, where would be the harm?

Miss Ashford

They don't know you are here.

(Robert turns front slowly, discouraged)

Miss Ashford

Brave creature! Fearless unfettered soul! You care naught for bodily ills, yet know this, if you are discovered, you are lost.

(Turns quickly on last word-goes up a few steps looking about. Hold picture. Robert looks front mystified)

Robert

That must be a pass word of some kind. I must remember it. "If you are discovered you are--" Ugh!

(Sees Miss Ashford coming)

Lost!

Miss ashford

(Down to Robert again)

Is this a good place?

(Robert looks at her puzzled for a moment. Then seems to understand)

Robert

So far I don't like it very well.

Miss Ashford

I mean, is this a good place for a sitting?

Robert

(Bus. of looking at Miss Ashford. Trying to speak. Only lips move. Finally speaking)

For a sitting!!!

Miss Ashford

Yes.

Robert

(Looks at chair L. Bus.)

I should say so. There seem to be plenty of chair in the neighborhood.

Miss Ashford

(After looking about cautiously)

Is it necessary to have the room darkened?

(Robert drops everything but golosh in right hand.)

(Miss Ashford starts back a little at things dropping)

Robert

Mercy no. Would you please explain what it is you propose to do?

Miss Ashford

Oh, wonderful creature, that which I desire more than anything else--which my ardent soul yearns for--is table manifestations.

Robert

(Hand to stomach vaguely--turning front. Hold it before speaking. Bus.)

Table manifestations. I would like that tool

Miss Ashford

(Approaching Robert)

Oh, let me hold converse with you!

(Takes Robert's right hand in her left, not seeing golosh which he holds)

Let us journey together--bound by the magnetism of spiritual affinity--

(Raising both her arms before her which also raises Robert's right hand, with golosh dangling in the air)

into the realms of the spirit world.

(Sees Robert's golosh. Stops--looks at it, lowering it a little)

What is that?

Robert

(Solemnly)

That is my go-losh.

Miss Ashford

Ah, I see, they are nonporous. That is to prevent the magnetic influence from evaporating.

Robert

(Stepping back to R.) (Drawing golosh away quickly)

If she continues this thing much longer, I shall be as crazy as any of them.

Miss Ashford

(Stepping back to R.)

Is there anything--is there anything you want, to make the conditions more complete--to render the elements more harmonious?

Robert

Dear lady--

(Going R. to Miss Ashford)

There is one thing that would do more to bring about a condition of harmony than anything else.

Miss Ashford

Only let me know what it is, and you shall have it.

Robert

(Trembling eagerly)

And I shall--

Miss Ashford

Oh, yes.

Robert

Could you--procure me--a ham sandwich?

Miss Ashford

(Astonished)

A ham sandwich!

Robert

I understood you to refer to table manifestations.

Miss Ashford

Yes!

(Looks about)

And of course you require a table.

Robert

Many thanks--if it was only a sandwich I could do very well without one.

Miss Ashford

Oh--no--we must have a table--it is absolutely necessary.

Robert

It is more necessary that we have something to put on it.

Miss Ashford

We will put our hands on it.

(Bus. of hands motion. Robert looks at her. Turns L.
(discouraged. Turns to her again))

Robert

That would not be a very hearty meal.

Miss Ashford

Oh, wonderful creature--

(Gets small table up stage and rolls it down C.)
Here is a table--will this do?

Robert

Quite nicely--if you insist upon going to the trouble.

Miss Ashford

Oh--I do insist--I do. Shall we have the table there?

Robert

Wherever you please--though perhaps the dining room would be more appropriate.

Miss Ashford

No, no, we will be seen there.

(Starts R. to get chairs)

Robert

Ah--allow me to assist--

(Bus.)

Miss Ashford

No, no, it might disturb the conditions, no, no, etc., etc.,

Robert

Then, if you'll pardon me, I will adjust my golosh.

(Sits and puts on golosh L.C.)

Miss Ashford

Yes, put them on--they will assist me greatly. Now, sit there! I will sit here.

(Robert takes seat L. of table. Miss Ashford R. of it.
She places hands on table and looks at him questioning-
ly)

Are you ready?

(Robert glances at table)

Robert

O am ready--but I see nothing here.

Miss Ashford

Then begin.

Robert

What shall I begin on?

Miss Ashford

The table! The table!

Robert

(Moving a little nervously)

Oh, how nice.

(Pause)

Do you know---

Miss Ashford

Sh! Not a word! You must put your hands on the table--so--that's what the book says.

Robert

(Aside)

I am afraid this poor creature is a hopeless case.

Miss Ashford

Your hands--put them on the table--quick!

Robert

(Placing hands)

If I donot humor her--she will become uncontrollable in a moment.

Miss Ashford

Oh, dear me, I'm so nervous.

(Looks about, then at Robert)

Did you see anything?

Robert

(Looks at table eagerly)

No I fail to see anything yet.

Miss Ashford

I'm almost afraid. Oh!

(Table moves. String bus. Robert and Miss Ashford thumbs
under a loop at each end. Miss Ashford screams. Rising
to her feet)

Robert

(Rising quickly at same time)

Where is the Superintendent?

Miss Ashford

Shall I call for him too. Yes--oh, yes--let him appear, come superintendent!

(They move table up and down and up C. Then lift high up together, and down)

Robert

Where is the superintendent of this asylum? Where is he?

(As table is moving)

What does this mean?

Miss Ashford

Oh, oh, dear me!

(Following table)

Oh, superintendent, come!

(Bus.)

Mercy! Mercy!

(Enter Marsland window up R. on cue "Do you know" and stands looking on. Robert swings round to R. and down R. with table, Miss Ashford following. Miss Ashford lets go as they swing down around C. with table--throws it off up toward R. and Spaulding falls up C. sitting. Marsland comes down R. as Robert drags table up C. and dodges it as it is thrown up R. by Robert. He stands perfectly aghast down R. on tableau--Robert sitting on floor up C. Miss Ashford in chair L.)

Marsland

(Down R. or R.C.)

What in heaven's name is all this?

Miss Ashford

Oh, Mr. Marsland!

Marsland

(Sees who Robert is)

What, this man was caught robbing the house last night.

(Pause for point)

Are you associating with a burglar? Answer me!

Miss Ashford

Oh, dear, you--you were misled. He isn't a burglar at all.

Marsland

What is he--who is he--?

Miss Ashford

He--he's a medium!

(Sinks back as if everything was lost. Robert, whose eyes have been on the floor, raises them, looks in astonishment at Miss Ashford--then at Marsland--then casts them up with falling of shoulders as if giving up. Marsland wait for this bus.)

Marsland

(Striding rapidly up toward Robert. In loud voice)

What does this mean?

Robert

If you are discovered you are lost.

Marsland

(Starts back astonished. Hold position until laugh over)

How dare you speak in that way to me?

(Down R.C. excited)

Miss Ashford--who brought him here? Who brought him here, I say?

Miss Ashford

The new private secretary.

Marsland

Mr. Spaulding! Where is he?

Robert

(On floor)

I am here, sir.

Marsland

(Up R.C.)

Get up, sir.

(Robert rises)

What are you going here?

Robert

(Slowly)

Do--you--know---

Marsland

Silence! What are you doing in my house?

Robert

I came here, sir, for the purpose of giving lessons.

Marsland

A medium--give lessons in my house! A medium! A spiritualist!

(Paces angrily down R.)

Robert

Where is the superintendent?

(Looking terrified at Marsland and edging toward L.

(a little)

Marsland

I never heard of such a thing.

(Turns up R., arms gesticulating and waving with indignation and horror)

Robert

(Glancing at Marsland) (Calling out in front)

Where is the superintendent of this asylum?

Marsland

And my daughter--and Miss Webster--Great heavens! I wouldn't have him seen here for worlds. You, sir, shall send you to the railway station at once.

Robert

If you are discovered you are lost.

Marsland

Silence! Don't speak another word.

(Rushes off at window up R.)

Robert

I must be in the craziest ward in the asylum.

(Fill in as follows)

Everybody stark mad--this old man should wear a straight-jacket--and there's the old lady swaying about--it's positively dreadful.

(Marsland hurries in at window up R.)

Marsland

(Hurrying in)

Here comes Cattermole.

Robert

(To himself)

Cattermole is a roaring raving ruffian.

Marsland

He must not see this medium here.

Miss Ashford

(Starts up)

Nercy! What shall we do?

Marsland

Here, we'll chut him up in the dining room. Quick! In here!

(Miss Ashford and Marsland push Robert violently off

L. D. Robert shoved off to L.)

Robert

I demand the superintendent of this asylum.

(Etc. as he is hurried off)

Where is the keeper of this mad house.

(Exits at L.) (Turns and strides on quickly)

My goods and chattels.

(Turns and exits again at door L.)

Marsland

Yes, here, get them for him. Quick! Hurry! Get everything.

(Miss Ashford and Marsland seize Robert's things

and throw them in L.D. As they are gathering his things

he walks in an instant mechanically and shouts "I de-

mand all my goods and chattels" and walks off again L.)

Robert

(Outside L. As Marsland and Miss Ashford throw in the things)

Do you know--

Marsland

S I L E N C E!!!

(Shuts door L. and stands before it)

Ring for the coachman. Order the carriage. No, Cattermole's got that. Order the market wagon. I'll take this medium to the train myself.

Miss Ashford

Oh, Mr. Marsland --

Marsland

Don't waste time now. I'll see you about this later. I'm going to stay here till they come with the wagon.

Miss Ashford

Yes, sir. Oh, dear, Mr. Cattermole--said--he said he believed in spirits. Oh, Mr. Marsland!

(Staggeres up to door up L. and exits)

(Enter Cattermole, breathless, excited, up R.)

Cattermole

(Down a little way, pulls chairs out of the way)

I've got the carriage up to the veranda. Now if --

(Sees Marsland)

There's Marsland--

(Stands before lounge up C.)

Marsland

(At L.D. Aside)

What did he come here for?

Cattermole

I say--Marsland--

Marsland

Go away, Cattermole--go away--I want to think.

Cattermole

Can't you go somewhere else and think?

Marsland

I don't want to talk about it. Oh-ah-have you got that carriage?

(Going C.)

Cattermole

I've got it--it's all right.

(Meets Marsland C.)

Marsland

Cattermole--you don't want it just yet--I must have it for half an hour myself.

Cattermole

Not at all, I've got to use it.

Marsland

(Urging Cattermole off L.)

You can get another, I must have this one.

Cattermole

Get another yourself.

Marsland

There'll be one here in five minutes. You must let me have this one. I need it.

Cattermole

Nothing of the kind, I want to take something away.

Marsland

So do I!

Cattermole

If I don't take it now it'll spoil.

(Exit Marsland and Cattermole up L. urging each other and remonstrating. Enter Robert L.D. with things hastily grabbed up--rushes across to R., up to door up R., starts back--rushes to door up L. Shawl, valise, bandbox, bundle grabbed up anyway. Turns around C. Starts back--runs off R.D. in apparent terror. Note: Have someone to close L. doors after Robert's entrance. Very important. Enter Harry running on breathlessly to door up R. He comes down C. looking quickly about)

Harry

By Jove, but this is a day of it.

(Looks about)

Now's my chance to get him out.

(Goes R. to open fireplace. Enter Marsland and Cattermole quickly up L.)

Marsland & Cattermole

(Seeing Harry)

Ah!

(Marsland runs and stands before L.D. Cattermole jumps before lounge up R. Harry, who has just opened fireplace an inch or two, shuts it with a slam, and stands before fireplace R. All this done simultaneously. Hold tableau)

Marsland

Harry!

Harry

Yes, uncle.

Marsland

I'm astonished.

Harry

You're not half as astonished as I am.

Cattermole

(Aside)

Confound 'em!

Marsland

I'm indignant.

Cattermole

(Coming a little to C.)

Can't you two go somewhere else and talk--you make me nervous.

Marsland

(Coming a little to C.)

If you don't like it, Cattermole, step out there on the veranda--

Cattermole

I'm not the one to step out--I'm a guest.

Harry

(Coming a little to C.)

See here, if you and Mr. Cattermole want to discuss this matter, can't you do it in the library?

Cattermole and Marsland

No, sir!

Harry

Well, I wish you'd go somewhere. I've got a headache.
(Enter Edith and Eva suddenly door up L.)

Marsland, Cattermole and Harry

(Subdued exclamations--under their breaths)

Oh, Lord! My God! Oh, gee!

(Each runs to position as before. Tableau)

Eva

What's the matter?

Edith

Where is he? Has he gone?

Marsland

Run away, girls, we're busy.

Harry

Yes--run away girls--go and swing on the gate.

Cattermole

Yes--run away--go and play marbles or something.

Edith

What is it, papa? Something has happened?

Mrs. Spaulding

(Outside up L.)

Where is my husband, I demand my husband!

Marsland

What is the matter now?

Harry

Oh, Lord--he's coming in.

(Enter Douglas hastily door up L.)

Douglas

(Running down to R.),

Bring him out, for heaven's sake.

(Sees others)

Oh, Lord!

(Douglas and Harry stand together down R.)

Harry

Where is she?

Douglas

About fifty yards behind.

Marsland

(Coming C. a little)

Yes, sir, I ordered you to come to my room. You haven't done it yet.

Douglas

I haven't had time.

(Marsland starts back astonished)

Marsland

You dare to talk to me liek that in my own house! You are discharged, sir, discharged with disgrace. You're an ignorant, vulgar--

Edith and Eva

(Up R. C.)

So he is, so he is, it's just what he deserves.

(Enter Mrs. S. wildly in door up L. with bonnet flying and general disorder and excitement. All very quick. No waits for lines or bus)

Mrs. S.

(As she enters)

My husband, where is my husband, oh young ladies, tell me where he is.

(Cattermole watches scene from lounge up R.)

Edith

(Pointing to Douglas)

There he is, madam, take him.

Douglas

Oh, I say, it's all a mistake.

Mrs. S.

What do you mean? Oh!

Marsland

What's all this? Who is she?

Mrs. S.

(Down to Marsland)

I'm Mrs. Spaulding, sir.

Edith and Eva

(Wail)

Ah--

(Scornfully looking at Douglas)

Marsland

Spaulding!

Douglas

(To Harry)

Now they'll enjoy themselves.

Marsland

(To Douglas)

So, sir, you've brought your wife here.

(Paces up and down L. C.)

By Jove, this is getting rich.

(Murmurs blasphemy to himself)

And are those your children out there?

Mrs. S.

Of course they are.

Edith and Eva

(Up R. C.)

Isn't it shameful. Yes, the deceitful wretch!
(Sob bus.. Edith's head on Eva's shoulder)

Douglas

(Up toward Edith)

My dear Miss Marsland, if you--

Marsland

(Going quickly toward Douglas)

Don't dare to speak to my daughter, sir.

(Enter Miss Ashford up L. Stands astonished)

Don't speak to anybody. Leave the place with this tribe of brats. Quit the house.

Mrs. S.

(Indignant shrieks)

Brats, indeed!!

(Wails from Edith and Eva)

Miss Ashford

(To Marsland)

Oh, Mr. Marsland!

Marsland

Don't speak to me, Miss Ashford.

(Paces)

Miss Ashford

(Going after Marsland)

But what is the matter?

Marsland

Matter! He comes here as a private secretary! He doesn't know his A.B.C's.--he brings his family here, his wife the Lord knows how many children--look at 'em out there in the hall. Worse than all that, he brings a medium into my house.

All

(Starting back)

A MEDIUM!

Marsland

You shall see for yourself.

(Rushes to doors L. and throws them open)

You shall--

(Starts)

Ha, he's gone. Miss Ashford, where is he?

Miss Ashford

He has dematerialized himself and vanished away.

Douglas

For heaven's sake, Harry, bring him out.

Harry

Uncle--I mean I can explain the whole thing!

(Quickly opening fireplace)

Here is the man --

Harry

(Falling on Douglas)

He isn't there.

(Douglas and Harry support each other. Enter Gibson from door up L.)

Douglas

(Recovering)

Blockhead! Get out!

Gibson

(Down C.)

No, sir, I've 'ad enough jokes.

Marsland

(Seeing Gibson)

Well, what's this?

Gibson

(To Marsland)

It isn't any wonder as he objects, sir--for I came here to arrest him.

(Shrieks, wails, groans, Edith, Eva, Mrs. S., Miss Ashford and Marsland astonished)

All

Arrest him!

Marsland

Merciful poswer!

(Paces)

Gibson

Yes, sir--he owes me bills, sir--bills for the past two years--and his note is over due.

Marsland

Take him out of the house.

Douglas

(Aside)

This is no joke.

Gibson

I'll do it, sir.

(Goes to Douglas, hand on his shoulder. Harry and Douglas talk with Gibson. Gibson Yes to R.)

Miss Ashford

(Following Marsland)

For mercy's sake, Mr. Marsland, think of his poor mother--

Marsland

Damn his poor mother.

(Goes up. Miss Ashford follows him)

Cattermole

(Standing on lounge up R.)

Say, young man, I'm sorry for you.

Douglas

(Running up and bringing Cattermole down quickly)

Look here, old chap, I got you out of a scrape last night 42
You've got to do the same for me.

Cattermole

My soul! What can I do?

Douglas

It's all a mistake--that woman is not my wife.

(Wails and groans from Edith, ~~XX~~ Eva, Miss Ashford and
Marsland)

Marsland

Villain!

(Shakes fist at Douglas)

You dare to deny it, with that lot of children out there.

(Pointing off up L.)

staring you in the face.

(Moans. Mrs. S. face buried-moans)

Cattermole

Great Caesar, you must be a hard case!

Douglas

(Trying to make Cattermole hear)

She's another man's wife.

(All stop quiet)

Cattermole

Whose wife is she? Can you answer that?

Douglas

Of course I can. She's the wife of that curate in black--
the man you've been tryint to hide all day.

Cattermole

(Bus. railway whistle scream)

My nephew. Great Jupiter!

(Bus. of stamping and raving about. To Mrs. S.)

In heaven's name, madam?

(Looking at Mrs. S.)

Whose wife are you?

Mrs. S.

Spaulding's--Spaulding's--Spaulding's!

(All have stopped a moment to look and ~~is~~ listen. General

"Ah" on word Spaulding 3rd time)

Cattermole

You hear that!

(Goes back R. C.)

My nephew's name isn't Spaulding, Spaulding, Spaulding.

(Mrs. S. turns away L. and covers her face sobbing

quietly but firmly)

Douglas

I tell you she's that man's wife.

Cattermole

Impossible! I can't stand this. My nephew's here.

(Turns and rushes up to lounge up R.C.)

All

(Starting is surprise)

Your nephew!

(All moving aside each way to open up for bus.)

Cattermole

(Rushes up to lounge up R.)

Yes, here--in this room/--we'll have this thing settled.

(Wheels out lounge)

He's gone.

(All talk and exclaim, enter Robert R.D. with remains of his things. He makes a run to escape. Shawl, bundle, valise)

Cattermole, Harry, Doug., Marsland, Miss A.

There he is. There he is! Wait! Stop! Stop!

(Douglas and Harry make a run for Robert seixing him from behind as he gets near L.C. Cattermole heads him off. They turn him at L.C.)

Harry

Uncle--allow me to introduce--the Reverend Robert Spaulding, your new private secretary.

(All astonished)

Mrs. S.

(Turning at L. with a scream of joy)

Oh!

(She runs to Robert and he folds her in his arms)

Robert

(As he embraces her)

Sarah!

(Robert quickly moves Mrs. S. around back of him so that he stands between her and others--getting her over tp L. from them as fas as possible. Stands with his eyes on them fearfully)

Cattermole

(Down C. after looking at Spaulding bus. turns to(Douglas)

Well, By Jove, and who the deuce are you?

Douglas

I say, don't you know?

Cattermole

Saints of Heaven! You don't mean--that you--that you--

Douglas

The very one!

Cattermole

Oh, my darling.

(Cattermole and Douglas embrace. Others conversing with with them about C. and R.C.)

Robert

(To Mrs. S. hurriedly)

My dear, we must try to escape. They're all raving maniacs.

Mrs. S.

(To Robert-hurriedly)

Oh, yes--and take the children.

Spaulding

(To Mrs. S. hurriedly)

Children! Children! Children! Are the children here?

(Looking rapidly about)

Mrs. S.

(To Robert, hurriedly)

Yes, oh they're here. Oh, come.

(Robert and Mrs. S. slip quickly out at door up L.C.)

(others are talking together about C. and R.C.)

Cattermole

(Joyfully)

Isn't this joyous, Marsland? Isn't it joyous, eh?

Marsland

Nothing of the kind. I think the deception was unwarrantable.

I don't--I don't understand it yet. What does it all mean?

(Looking about. Miss Ashford exits quietly down L. to

get a sandwich during these speeches-slipping out un-

observed)

Cattermole

(Shoving Marsland away from others to L.C.)

Well, it means for one thing I've got a nephew that's good for something--and we can carry out our old scheme, eh

(Nudging him)

Your nephew--my daughter, eh?--no, no, my nephew, your daughter?

(Douglas has moved down L. C. with Edith and he now

touches Cattermole on the shoulder) (Cattermole turns

quickly)

Eh?

Douglas

We thought we'd carry out your old scheme for you.

Cattermole

What!

(Rushes and seizes both their hands)

Bless you. I'm delighted. I'm perfectly--see here, Marsland, never mind, I'll give you his consent--and mine too. Bless you.

(Marsland goes to Douglas and Edith shaking hands, etc)

Gibson

(Coming down R.C.)

This is all very well, you know, but where do I come in?

Marsland

You don't come in, you go out.

Gibson

Oh, do I? This 'ere writ!!

Cattermole

(Over to Gibson)

Writ! Splendid! More wild oats! Ha, ha, I'll attend to you.

Harry

(Calling from C. with Eva)

Now, we're about it, uncle--

(Taking Eva's hand)

Marsland

That'll do, we wont talk about that now.

Harry

Oh, just as you like, of course. I thought I'd just speak of it now.

Marsland

I'm so upset with all this I don't know who anybody is.

(Turns and looks about)

Where's the poor gentleman you got into all this trouble?

Douglas

Oh, by Jove, yes.

(Starting toward door up L. C.)

Where is he?

Harry

(At the same time with Douglas)

That's a face!

(Hurrying to door up L. C.)

Where's Spaulding?

All

(General murmur)

Yes, Mr. Spaulding. Where's Spaulding! Bring him in, etc.,

(Douglas and Harry run off at door up L. C.)

Marsland

I owe him a thousand apologies.

Cattermole

I owe him four or five hundred myself.

(Enter Douglas and Harry up L. C. Bringing in Robert

(They bring him down C. a little and leave him)

Harry and Douglas

(As they bring Robert in)

Oh, come on, just a moment. It's all right ye know. They want to apologize.

All

(As Spaulding is brought in)

Ah, there he is! Oh! Mr. Spaulding, etc.

(A general movement)

Marsland

(Meeting Spaulding on his R. and bringing him down L.C.)

My dear Mr. Spaulding--I hope you'll forgive us. It's all been a frightful mistake--a silly joke--perpetrated by a couple of rattle-brained scamps. You shall have an extra years salary to make amends for it--you certainly shall

Robert

Oh, how nice, but I'd prefer to fine some other place, if you don't mind. I'm not quite accustomed to so much revelry.

Marsland

Nonsense! Nonsense! I won't hear of it. We won't have any revelry at all.

(Enter Miss Ashford at door L. with sandwich on a plate.

(She goes to Robert on his L.)

You and I'll get on famously together. There's Miss Ashford, Mr.--

(Miss Ashford is on Robert's L.)

Spaulding! and she's brought you something.

Robert

Miss Ashford!

(Turning, sees Miss Ashford with the sandwich)

Oh, thank you!

(Takes sandwich)

Isn't it strange, you were my mother's dearest friend, and I took you for a lunatic.

Miss Ashford

And I took you for a medium.

Robert

Do you know--

All

(General murmur)

Oh--oh, yes--Oh, we do.

(Robert turns R. surprised)

Cattermole

(Following in on end of the "Omnes")

Yes, we all know--now.

Robert

What do you all know?

Cattermole

That you are --

All

The private secretary.

Robert

Oh, how nice.

CURTAIN

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